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A QUESTION.

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So young and fair, so *debonair*,
The sunshine glinted thro' her hair,
And yet she stood with icy stare
In meditative agony and deep despair.
And why?

Because a fiend in human guise,
With studied words and tender lies,
Had won her heart as by surprise,
Then left her—lost—and sought the light of other eyes.
What then?

They hailed him in the "upper ten,"
He shook the hands of honored men,
And ladies smiled on him again;
They knew his crime, yet none condemned thro' tongue or pen.
And why?

Because the great world visits all
Its wrath on misled girls who fall;
It holds the man's offence as small,
But woman may in vain for right or mercy call.
What then?

Where mighty hills the far shores crown,
And distant forts through great guns frown,
Where stately ships sail up and down,
She sought a resting place—the harbor of the town.
And why?

Because beneath the placid wave
She saw the vision of a grave,
And felt it were easier to brave
The dread unknown than meet the scorn which old friends gave.
What then?

They found a corpse, a piteous sight,
The gazers turned away in fright;
And *one* who looked grew deathly white—
'Tis said he did not sleep throughout that dreary night.
And why?

Because, before the final goal,
He knew the angels would unroll
A record writ on fiery scroll,
And when a just decree was passed upon his soul—
What then?

THE WHITE HAND;

OR,

THE JEWELED SNAKE.

PART THE FIRST.

THE POST-MORTEM MARRIAGE.

[NOTE.—The opening chapter of this thrilling story was given in last week's CLIPPER, but as that issue was exhausted before the demand was supplied, we have concluded to republish the opening, and also give a second chapter complete, in the present number.]

CHAPTER I.

LOOKING FOR THE DEAD.

"The miserable hath no other medicine,
But only hope."

"At last! Thank God!"

For ninety-six long, weary days he had fretted away his life upon shipboard. For ninety-six long weary days tossed to and fro upon the trackless waters, struggling against contrary winds, the Australian packet had labored bravely; and at last the longed-for shore was reached, and Ralph Strangeways, after five years' absence, stood once more in the London streets.

Five years ago, cast off by his friends, a bankrupt in purse and reputation, he had turned his back upon the old country and gone to seek his fortune in the new. He had worked hard, fought gallantly and won, and was returning now a rich man.

Not without peril, however, had he brought back his hardly-earned gold to England. Out in the bush, he more than once had narrowly escaped the assassin's knife—only by the skin of his teeth had he slipped through the clutches of Chinese pirates; on the voyage back, and almost within sight of home, he had been nearly wrecked. But the dangers were now all gone and past; and he was within an hour of home and her he loved.

"At last! Thank God!"

They were sorry to part with him on board ship, and even in the bustle of landing, when there was so much else to think of—so many conflicting interests interposing—scarcely a soul left the ship without pausing to bid him good-bye and God speed.

It had been a long and weary voyage. There had been much sickness on board, and fever had struck down the first lieutenant. Foul weather setting in, the loss of an officer would have been severely felt had not Ralph Strangeways volunteered his services, and in the hour of need proved himself the most efficient man on board.

A while after, sickness still raging, the doctor died, and again Ralph, coming to the rescue, turned out to be a little wonder in the world of physic and equal to any emergency.

"You see," he said, with a light laugh, "I've been most things in my time. Off and on, that is to say, I've tried my hand at doctoring and dancing, the law, the stage, several branches of commerce, among others baked potatoes, and I was once very nearly in the church, only—but I was very nearly."

He was about thirty years of age—a light-haired, blue-eyed fellow, with a tawny beard. He had a handsome, good-natured face, somewhat sunburnt; well-shaped hand, though a good deal knocked about and broadened by hard work. His dress was careless and his manners a little rough and unpolished, but there were few unmarried women on board who would have said him nay had he asked their hands in marriage.

But he asked no hands in marriage. His love waited for him in England, and winning smiles and soft glances were thrown away upon our big-bearded friend.

"There is a girl over yonder," he said one night whilst chatting on deck with Captain Wetherwell, "worth all the girls in all the world put together. At least that's my idea. I hope I don't exaggerate."

"I've not a doubt she's all you say, sir," responded the captain, with a smile; "I used to know some of that pattern myself when—when I was younger. I knew several angels when I was twenty-one—terrestrial angels, that is, only wanting wings."

"I wish this voyage was at an end," said Strangeways, wearily; "I want to get on dry land again."

"And the lass; I am afraid she will be weary of waiting, we are so long past our time."

"She is weary of waiting. I am afraid—weary long ago."

"But you have not heard from her during the voyage."

"I haven't heard from her for five years."

"Five years! but you have written often enough yourself, I suppose!"

"Never."

"But she knows you are coming?"

"She has not the least idea of it. I did not know myself a week before the boat started."

"But you said—at least I understood—"

"The story's a long one, captain, but half a dozen words will tell you all that's worth hearing. We were to have been married, and my friends were to have helped me. At the last moment they refused assistance: it is true I had worked them rather unmercifully before. I told her I was a beggar, and had my fortune to make, and I thought there was a chance for me out at the diggings. She offered to share my fortunes, but I was not such a scoundrel as to take her out to certain hardships and probable starvation. 'No,' I said, 'I will go alone—I will do my best—strive my utmost. At the end of five years, if I do not return rich to claim you, think me dead, for I will never return at all; until then will you wait for me?' She promised she would, and I believed her. For four years and nine months, then, I struggled desperately with the most infernal luck that ever fell to mortal man's lot. Heaven only knows how I lived out the time—I starved it out, a good deal of it, and at last, three months before the time was up, and when my prospects were at their worst, I tried my luck at the diggings for the third time, and, as I have already told you, dug up a fortune. I did not want to lose it again, you may be sure, but came with as little loss of time as possible to port, and booked my berth on board your ship.'

"And you are returning in five years."

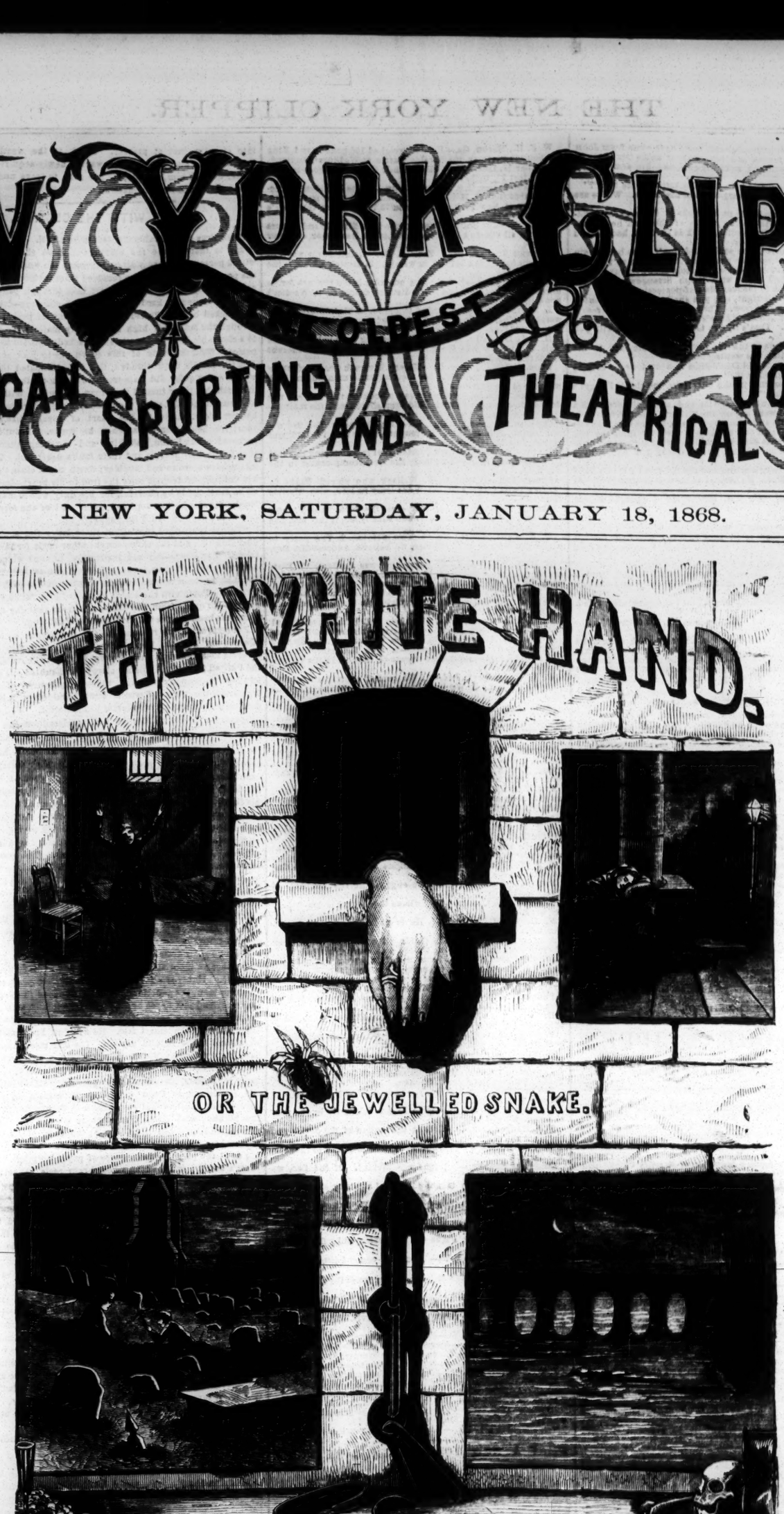
"I should have done it nearly to the day had we had a good passage. As it is, I shall be, according to your reckoning, about a fortnight over my time."

The captain listened to this story with a serious face, but a while after, when by himself, he could not refrain from indulging in a chuckle.

"He is a sanguine soul, my good friend," thought the captain. "Five years is a good time, and after all, women are women. I hope he won't be disappointed."

It seemed to Wetherwell that his passenger ought to have had quite sufficient cause for anxiety in the safe-keeping of his hard earned fortune through the dangers from pirates and shipwreck which befell them on the way, without the further anxiety of wondering whether the lady at the journey's end had remained faithful to her vows and was still hoping for his return.

"I've read all this sort of thing," he thought, "in a score of books. How men have come home and found their wives and sweethearts have forgotten all about them, and worse, have



been thinking a good deal about other people during their absence. I hope Strangeways won't be disappointed in the same way. I sincerely hope so, for I like the fellow—I like him very much."

In a conversation the captain had after this with his friend, it come to light that Ralph Strangeways had a third anxiety, of which hitherto no mention had been made.

"I am taking home some other money besides my own," he said. "My chum at the diggings died, and intrusted his share of our findings to my safe-keeping. He has two little girls over there in England, to whom I am to take the money. I suppose I shall find them safe enough, although he has been away much longer than I have—ten years, I think. Then, however, he has heard from them often, and written to them, and sent money for their support."

"And they know of his death?"

"No; that I have got to break to them.'

"An unpleasant task!"

"Yes."

A sincere friendship had grown up between the captain and Ralph Strangeways during the voyage; and when the hour approached for them to separate, they were loth to do so.

"We can go to the same hotel, at any rate," said the captain. "You'll have plenty to do, I've no doubt; but when I've seen my ship owners, and got through my little bit of work, my time's all my own, and at your disposal. I'm an old bachelor, as you know, and have neither kith nor kin. I find it rather lonely on shore sometimes, particularly in the old country, which somehow is always so strange to me, and so altered each time I come back to it."

"Altered?" said Ralph Strangeways, with an incredulous smile.

He, too, found it altered ere long.

"If you are not particular what hotel you go to," said Ralph, "I've a fancy myself to put up at a quiet old city inn I used to know in my wild days, where there was a certain bright-eyed, tender-hearted widow, who many a time lent me a pound when I and my vagabond friends were run short. I should very much like to have a look at the old house."

"And the widow," said the captain, slyly; "I'm quite agreeable."

The inn in question was in the neighborhood of Doctors' Commons—a sleepy old house, in a quiet yard where odd blades of grass sprouted here and there between the round stones in the roadway.

They drove up to the door, and the cab had scarcely stopped before Strangeways sprung out and bounded lightly up the steps, and peeped in smiling anticipation through the door.

There was the old bar just as he remembered it in the old time, and just as it used to be left all to itself. A female form was in the parlor beyond with its back towards him.

Perhaps it was the widow.

But hearing the sound of his footstep, the person approached, and Strangeways saw that it was a stranger. A bar-maid, apparently—a youngish woman, prim, with little corkscrew curls.

"Is the landlady in?" he asked.

"The landlady—you mean the landlord."

"What landlord?—I mean Mrs. Burrell; but, to be sure, I suppose she has married again."

"The master is not married," the woman replied. "I think Burrell was the name of the party who had the house before him, but she's dead."

"We'll go to some other house," said Strangeways, a few minutes afterwards, when he came back to his friend waiting outside in the cab. "Any other house where you like."

The captain named a place westwards, and as they drove along, Strangeways told him what had occurred. While they were yet talking, they passed a tavern which Ralph had known when last he was in England, and here he would insist on stopping again to make inquiries.

Again strange faces greeted him. The house had changed hands.

"And the old landlord dead?"

"May be, may be not. Gone to the dogs, at any rate. A bankrupt years ago."

"And the old waiter, old Joe, was he there still?"

"Joe—don't know the name," the landlord said, and called to the pot-boy for information.

"Gone—dead this ever so long," the pot-boy made answer. "Died in the work'us. Were bad off indeed, very bad."

They drove on to the hotel, and here the captain was ordering dinner to be served with as little delay as possible.

"I hope you won't think me foolish," said Strangeways rather awkwardly. "It is stupid, I know, but—but somehow I don't think I could sit down to eat until I have made a few inquiries—till I have seen her, in fact. It's not so very far off where the family live. I'll take a cab, and go at once. Perhaps I may decide not to go in, but—but I should like to see the house."

The captain made no difficulties. He could understand his friend's feelings, and ordering his own dinner, took his meal alone rather sadly.

"There's no one waiting for me," he thought, and ordered another half-pint of sherry to console himself for this neglect on the part of the other sex generally.

Meanwhile the cab quickly conveyed Ralph Strangeways to the spot to which he had given directions for the driver to take him—that is to say, near the spot; for at a place where there was a large open space with a good deal of scaffolding and wooden palings to be seen in all directions, the cab came to a standstill, and driver said:—

"Somewheres about here, sir, aint it?"

"Somewhere close at hand," replied Strangeways, peering out into the night; "I can't quite make things out."

"You said Mortimer street, sir, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Hi, boy!" (this to an errand-boy with a basket), do you know Mortimer street?"

"Never heerd of it."

"What nonsense!" cried Strangeways, impatiently; "drive over to that public-house."

They drove there, and pursued their inquiries.

"Mortimer street," said the waterman at the cab-rank in the corner; "that's one on the streets as has been took down along of the improvements. There ain't a brick left standing on it now."

"Stop, cabman; I'll go inside and look in the *Directory*."

He searched for the name of Etheridge, but there was no such name to be found. Did they happen to have last year's *Directory*? No, but they had that of the year before.

He looked in that, and found Mortimer street, but the name was not Etheridge at the number where he expected to find it.

He came back slowly to the cab and took his seat.

"Where shall I drive to?"

Where, indeed. He was so stunned by this unexpected disappointment, that he could think of no reasonable plan of action.

"Drive back slowly towards the hotel," he said, and began to ponder.

Presently an idea occurred to him, and he called to the driver to go as fast as possible to a certain hospital.

"What a fool I was not to think of that at once! There is the house-surgeon there. Of course he can tell me all I want to know."

But there was yet another disappointment in store for him. Mr. Deverel was house-surgeon no longer. The present house-surgeon, a grave, gray gentleman, looked rather black while he spoke of him. He had, he said, no idea where Mr. Deverel was to be found. Perhaps the porter might know.

The porter was doubtful. He had been told Mr. Deverel had left the medical profession. Some said he had gone rather wild. Now he came to think of it, if he was to be heard of anywhere in London it was at a certain tavern near the Haymarket.

At this tavern Mr. Deverel was known—familiarly known, it would seem for he was spoken of as "Jack," but his private address was not obtainable.

"He comes here pretty often. Every day, almost, but at no fixed time."

"Would it be of any use to wait?"

"None at all."

This seemed a curious manner for a tavern-keeper to treat a person, who might have been a good customer while waiting, and Strangeways pondered over it as he returned to his cab. Whilst he was hesitating as to where he should go now, a red-haired, ragged boy touched him on the arm.

"Do you perticuler want to see the gent, sir, as you was axing arter?"

"Of course I do."

"I can put you on him, sir, if it's all on the square."

"What do you mean? It's square enough."

"There's no harm'll come to him?"

"None," replied Strangeways, in astonishment; "where is he?"

"It's close handy, but you can't go in a cab."

Strangeways hesitated a moment, then discharged the driver, and followed his youthful guide. The affair grew momentarily more astonishing. What mystery was there about this man he was in search of? When he had seen him last he was in a good position, the intimate friend of the mother of his betrothed wife, a trustee under the dead father's will, though a young man (by this time not more than thirty), rising rapidly in his profession, and bearing an honorable name. What could have happened? What changes in five years!

He followed his guide through a labyrinth of vile courts and crooked alleys, and under archways so narrow that there was only room to walk in single file, and at last, at the corner of one of the most squalid of the courts he had yet seen, the boy came to a standstill and pointed to a shop.

"You'll find him in there."

Strangeways looked in the direction indicated in blank astonishment. It was a rag-and-bottle shop which the boy had pointed out; a dark dog-kennel of a place, reeking with a thousand evil odors, and crammed with greasy rags and half-decayed rubbish.

"In there?" he repeated; 'impossible!"

For a moment the idea occurred to him—had the boy brought him here for any unlawful purpose? Was an attempt going to be made to rob him? He carried his money upon his person in notes in a belt round his waist. Was this a wise course, and ought he to venture in such a neighborhood under these circumstances? But you must remember that Ralph Strangeways had been in the bush and to the diggings, and had mixed with some rough company and seen some ugly phases of life.

It was not, therefore, very likely that the sight of a narrow court and a few ragged people would make him timid. But this shop had somehow a particularly ugly look about it, and he hesitated for a moment before crossing the threshold.

"He doesn't live here, does he?" he asked of the boy.

"I don't know. He's mostly here. He's here now."

"There's a shilling for you then for your trouble. Stop a bit though," he added, drawing back the coin before it touched the boy's hand. "Perhaps you've been having a lark with me. On second thoughts I'll give you the money when I've made my inquiries. Stop here."

He passed into the shop and peered through the gloom towards a faint light glimmering behind the dirt-encrusted panes of a window in a door communicating with a room beyond, and knocking his stick upon the ground called out:

"Hallo! hallo!"

As though he had risen from the earth, a figure came out from among the rags and rubbish close by his elbow—the figure of a very dirty old man with ragged gray hair matted over his face.

"What do you want? What are you shouting about?"

"Why can't you throw a better light on the subject, old gentleman? I didn't see you."

"It's light enough for my business," replied the old man. "What do you please to want now you do see me?"

"I want Mr. Deverel."

"Deverel? Who's he? I don't know such a—"

"All right, Diggs," another voice put in; "he wants me. Step in here, sir. What is it?"

Obedient to this direction Strangeways made his way with some little difficulty past the heaps of rubbish encumbering the floor, and found himself in a squalid, ill-smelling room beyond, face to face with the person who had called to him.

The place was lighted only by a solitary tallow candle, which guttered on the mantelpiece with an enormous wick; but what light there was fell full upon the face of the solitary occupant of the room, and Strangeways, after a moment of doubt, recognized in him the man of whom he was in search.

He was not, however, ragged and dirty, as at first he had almost expected to find him. There was about him a certain pretence at elegance, a sort of shabby smartness. He was smoking a cigar. On one hand he wore a light glove—on the other glittered several rings of large size. As to his face, that was much altered from what it had been when Strangeways recollected him.

Then he had worn no whiskers—now they were large and dark. His eyebrows seemed more bushy than they used to be, and shaded his deeply-set eyes. The lines around his mouth were hard and well marked, and there were wrinkles on his brow, and crows' feet round his eyes, of which there had been no trace five years ago.

He was a handsome man in the common acceptation of the word, but on his face was written "scoundrel" very plainly—plainer than the largest print.

"Why, Deverel, don't you know me? I've had a great deal of trouble to find you out."

As he spoke he stretched forth his hand, and the other took it, but without returning the pressure of his fingers.

"I fancy I have heard your voice before," he said; "but I do not know you."

"You used to do; you have forgotten me, I suppose. There have been great changes, I daresay, during the last five years that I have been away from England, and I suppose you have had plenty else to think of."

"You have been away five years, you say?"

"I have been to Australia. Do you know me now?"

"Ralph Strangeways!"

"None other. I have turned up at last, you see, but it is to find everything altered, and everybody gone I don't know where. The first thing I did, you may be sure, was to go in search of the Etheridges—you can understand that. Beyond. You have not forgotten what there was between me and Grace. You recollect what occurred when I went away."

"Yes—yes; well?"

"Well, as you know, of course I not only did not find her living at the house where I left her living, but I could not even find the house. Egad! the very street was gone. What could I do? I had no notion where to turn—to whom to apply to learn tidings of her."

"Tidings of her! Have you not heard then—"

"Heard what? What should I hear? what could I? I went way saying I would bring back a fortune for her in five years, and at the end of that time, if she did not see me she must look upon me as dead. But at the end of the time I have returned as you see, and with the fortune I promised, and am dying to go to her. But as I was saying, who could I apply to? Suddenly I bethought me of my old friend Deverel, a friend of the family, and I went straight to the hospital to make inquiries."

"Ah, it was there then they told you how to find me. But I wonder—"

"It was not there. The porter directed me to a public-house, where they seemed very shy about furnishing me with your address. Indeed, if it had not been for a dirty little vagabond outside, who volunteered to act as guide, I never should have reached you. But about Grace—where is she?"

"She is—you have heard nothing?"

"Nothing. For God's sake, what do you mean?"

"I mean nothing. It seems so strange that you should not have heard from her all this while—and you have brought back the fortune then?"

"I've brought back £6,000, if that will answer the description. But tell me, where is she?"

Strange to say, the other was silent. His hand was raised to his face and hid his mouth. His eyes were fixed upon Ralph with a curious speculation in their thoughtful gaze. Then of a sudden a bright gleam lit them up, and he spoke with more animation than he had hitherto shown.

"There is no cause for uneasiness," he said. "Miss Grace Etheridge is very well, I believe; I cannot give you her address this moment I have not seen her for some time. Where are you stopping? I will bring it to you without fail to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" repeatd the other with a look of bitter disappointment. "That seems an awful long time, do you know. Could I not make the inquiries? could we not together—"

"No, that is impossible; I have some very important business to attend to. Besides, you could not see her to-night, for she is somewhere in the country. She has gone out as a governess, you know. Her poor mother lost what money she had by speculation."

"Good heavens! then they have been poor? She has suffered and I not know it!"

"You ought to have inquired, you know. But happily she has suffered nothing. The change in their fortune occurred before the change in mine, and I was able to help them a little in their difficulties."

Strangeways took his hand.

"God bless you for that, Deverel. Their debt to mine now and shall be repaid threefold."

"Tut-tut! There's no call for thanks. I did what I could; it was not very much."

"I must hear about your difficulties if you will give me your confidence; but about Grace—must I wait till to-morrow? Is it positively necessary?"

"It is, but by ten o'clock you shall hear from me, and most likely see her to-morrow."

Strangeways wrote down the name of his hotel upon a leaf he tore from his pocket book, and once more shaking hands, moved towards the door.

"This is a queer meeting," he said, pausing on the way, "and a queerer meeting place."

"Queer, indeed, it must seem to you, but I will explain all to-morrow."

"Till to-morrow, then! Would to heaven to-morrow had come!"

"It will come soon enough," replied the other, as holding high the guttering candle he lighted Strangeways out and called "good night" after him as he went away, then retraced his steps to the parlor.

The old man followed him in.

"I may want you, Diggs," said Deverel; "I suppose you know all that was passed?"

"I heard you promise to find the gentleman his young lady Do you want me to look for her?"

"No! I know where she is."

"Indeed! Where is she, then?"

"*She is dead.*"

"Dead! But why—what made you promise he should see her to-morrow?"

"So he shall."

"Shall! Why, you don't mean—"

"I mean what I say. *She shall meet him to-morrow!*"

CHAPTER II.

THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE.

"'Tis now the very witching hour of night,
When churchyards yawn."

Yet another disappointment was in store for Ralph Strangeways.

On leaving the rag-and-bottle shop he had said to himself, "The best thing for me to do now is to go straight back to my good friend Wetherwell and for the two of us to spend as jolly a night as may be. Thank heaven, the great weight of my anxiety respecting Grace is removed. Somehow or other I must get through the time, and it seems to me I've not treated Wetherwell very handsomely."

Once out of the labyrinth of crooked courts and alleys, through which his young red-haired friend guided him very cleverly, Ralph Strangeways once more called a cab and directed the driver to take him back to the hotel; but arrived here he found, instead of the captain, a letter waiting for him which contained these words:—

"DEAR STRANGEWAYS.—I am called away by business which I could not put off. I shall not return till late. Hoping to hear good news from you in the morning, believe me yours very truly,

JAMES WETHERWELL."

What was to be done now?

The waiter wanted to know if he wished for dinner, but Strangeways replied that he did not feel hungry.

"Bring me a glass of sherry," he said. "I will take that, and then I am going out."

He was rather undecided as to what he should do and where he should go to.

"I wonder," he thought, "whether all the actors who used to amuse me so are dead and buried. That can't well be possible—bring me a newspaper, waiter—I'll look for some of the old names I know, and go and see an old favorite if one remains."

But before the paper had reached him he had changed his mind again.

"I had forgotten my old chum, and what I had to do for him. Why should I not go now to look for his little girls? It's rather an unpleasant business task, it's true, but that is all the more reason why I should get it over. There must be no unpleasantness to-morrow."

He took his pocket-book from his pocket whilst thus reflecting and unfolded a paper it contained.

"'Mr. Graveling, the Last Hope Inn, Waterside, Lambeth.' That's not a very cheerful name of a house of public entertainment, it seems to me; and the name of Graveling has, somehow, a lugubrious tone about it. However, I'll see what they are both made of."

He rode as far as Westminster Bridge, but having crossed to the Surrey side, it became necessary that he should here alight and perform the rest of the journey on foot.

"Down the steps, sir," said a man of whom he made some inquiries, "and keep along the river."

"It looks dark enough," said Ralph; "rather a slum isn't it?"

"It's not Belgravia," replied the other with a grin, "but I don't think much harm will come to you, sir."

"I'm not much afraid."

He descended the steps without further parley and went boldly forward. But it was very dark, and presently he was brought to a sudden standstill by a high blank wall.

Which way now?

At first he could make out nothing, but presently, his eyes becoming accustomed to the obscurity, he saw upon his left hand, a hundred feet off, the river rippling in the gaslight. All was silent.

A moment afterwards, however, a cry arose somewhere under the arches of the bridge, and he heard the sound of many scampering feet.

Then before he could make out whence they came, a band of ten or a dozen ragged urchins rushed wildly past him up the steps towards the street overhead, hotly pursued by a policeman.

Another policeman, coming up at a slower rate, and pausing to wipe his head just by where Strangeways was standing, said:

"We'll be a match for the young scoundrels yet. Only let us lay our hands on them, that's all."

"What's the matter?" asked Ralph.

"A pack o' young thieves, sir, that's all, and one among them by the name of Clam—bright specimens they are too, and he's the brightest."

The policeman was going on again when Ralph called to him.

"Do you know an inn about here with the sign of the Last Hope?"

"There's a beershop with that name," said the other after

a moment's reflection, "some distance off here down by the waterside."

"Which is the way to it?"

"I should think it would have been best to go by the upper road. As you've got this far, though, it's hardly worth while going back. Keep along by those piles there—do you see, over there, lower down the bank?—then up the steps and under an archway you'll find at the top."

"Thank you."

Ralph pursued his way with caution. There was no moon, and it was so dark that he could scarcely see a yard before him.

"It would have been a much quicker way," he presently reflected, "to have remounted the steps and made his way round by the street above."

But he did not fancy going back now and persevered.

There was a wooden rail which he could take hold of and thus guide himself to some extent.

The piles the police had spoken of were visible on ahead, for they stood out against the dark sky darker still. He was directing his steps towards them, but after journeying for some twenty yards or so on a very uneven pathway he found a flight of six steps before him, and descending, stood at their base upon some soft black mud which at high tide the river must have covered.

The water was close at hand, and to reach the piles it seemed to Strangeways that if he still pursued the same course he would probably have to wade knee deep.

While he was hesitating and wondering what he ought to do, a scrambling and tramping of light feet on the steps above attracted his notice, and towards him came rushing the same band of ragged boys that had passed him in their flight a while ago. At the spot where he stood he would have been concealed even had it been daylight, and they came close to him before they halted in their wild career.

Then a somewhat musical voice was heard to say,

"It's too hot for us to-night, don't you think, you fellows? We'd better break up and say good-bye. Good-bye to you all. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, captain," called a chorus of boys' voices in reply, and by the shuffling of their feet Strangeways judged that the band were dispersing.

"I'll ask the way of them," he thought, and springing lightly up the steps, in another moment stood in the midst of the ragged assemblage.

At his approach there was an affrighted scramble and evident signs of panic; but the next moment the moon came forth from behind a cloud, which had hitherto hidden it, and its light revealing his face and figure, the boys gained confidence and stood their ground.

"Which is the captain?" he asked.

A slim, bright-faced boy, less ragged than the rest, stood forth.

"I am," he replied, fearlessly.

"O, you are, are you?" said Strangeways with a laugh. "Here's a captain! Captain what is it? Captain Jailbird, eh? What's your name, rascal?"

"That's what every fool calls me," replied the boy; "my proper name is Clam."

"Clam, do you say? that's the name the policeman told me just now; and a funny one too. What does it mean?"

"That's a long story."

"Well, you shall tell it me as we go along. I tell you what, Captain Clam, I like the look of you somehow; I was much after your style myself when I was your age—not quite so ragged though."

"That was your luck," retorted the boy. "You'd your choice, I s'pose, between a good edication and a good rig out, and you chose the togs."

"Exactly: I see you're sharp for a young one. Now show me the way to the Last Hope beerhouse, and I'll pay you for your trouble. It seems to me that I'm making the fortune of ragged boys to-night. I'll give you sixpence, my fine fellow. Have you change for a shilling?"

"I don't know whether any on these gents can oblige you," the boy said with a comic grin, rummaging in his pockets as he spoke. "I'm 'fraid I left my small silver at home when I changed my paletot."

"Never mind, captain, lead the way."

"This way, sir, down the steps. It's awful dark; mind how you come."

"Some people would call me a fool for trusting myself with these young thieves," was Ralph's reflection, "but I fancy I'm safe enough with my young friend here. He's no thief, in spite of what the policeman says. I'd take his honest face against all the policeman's evidence. A good looking face too—good looking enough for a girl."

They traveled onwards, chatting by the way, and under the boy's guidance reached the beer-shop without much difficulty.

"Are you going in?" the boy asked.

"Not yet awhile," replied the other. "Good night to you," and he dismissed his young friend.

To tell the truth he liked the look of this Last Hope even less than he had liked the rag-and-bottle shop where awhile ago he had met with his old friend Deverel.

"It's been a strange night this," he said to himself; "and full of odd surprises; I never thought of finding Deverel where I found him; and though my old chum Rackstraw gave me no exalted notion about his social position, I didn't think I should find his children living in such a dog kennel as this. Did he know it?—that is the question. If he did why did he call the place an inn instead of a beer-shop? There's more mystery here, I fancy, and whatever it is, I'll do my best to unravel it."

But yet he lingered in the roadway, and seemed almost inclined to turn his back upon the house and go away. Perhaps it would have been better for him had he done so.

* * * * * * * * *

There was a ragged red curtain hanging across one of the windows, past the edge of which a full view could be obtained of the interior of the room, which was empty. Neither was anyone to be seen at the bar; but in the parlor beyond two men sat over the dying embers of a fire and thus conversed:—

"It's no good coming here, Doubledick," said one of these, a beetle-browed, hulking ruffian; "it's no good coming to this shop if you're in want of money."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Graveling," the other made answer. He was a thin, shabbily-dressed fellow, with a sneaking manner, and small, gray, restless eyes.

"I did want money very bad, and of course I thought of my friends fust."

"You've wasted your time in thinking of me, that's all."

"Ah, Graveling, times have altered mightily this last half-dozen years, haven't they, when we were together in the show business? Lord, I was as happy as the day was long in them good old times, as you give me ten shillings a week to do your clowning. Ten shillings, warn't it, to find my own jokes and wardrobe? No wonder you ruined yourself, throwing your money away in that fashion."

"It's a pity you didn't stick to it, in my opinion."

"I should have done so if I hadn't fallen into property."

"Fallen through it, you mean. You soon got to the other side of your money."

"I took to living by my wits then."

"And failed for want of capital."

"That's true enough; but what odds? I've luck, you know, and shall pull through yet, you mark my words. I'm of a tough material, and can stand some wear and tear. It's the same as when you let fall a sixpence and a halfpenny over the top of a sewer. Right through goes the sixpence, and is never heard of more; but the lucky devil of a halfpenny—that's me—straddles the bars and is saved."

"I wish something would turn up, that's all," said the other man with a curse. "The brokers will be in to-morrow and sell me up stick and stump. I haven't a farthing in the world, and that's not the worst of it."

"It's not so bad, though, for a bad beginning."

"I'm in a mortal fright, that's the long and short of it, about that brother-in-law of mine that's dead turning up again."

"The deuce take him! If he's dead he won't turn up, will he?"

"If I were sure he were dead I'd be at rest."

"And the other gentleman too, I hope."

"But I've a fancy he's alive, and the reason he has not written is because he's coming. Since he's been away, you know, he has sent a lot of money over to pay for his children's schooling, and—"

"It's been otherwise appropriated."

"You know as well as I do how the children have been brought up."

"Not quite the way he'd like, perhaps—one made a acrobat of, and the other a ballad-singer. One sings in the streets, and the other, dressed up as a boy, sells lucifers and holds horses. They ain't the most lady-like employments you could have thought of."

"What could I do? You know how I tumbled into this hole, where I've been starving for the last ten years. If it warn't for a little quiet hocussing now and then—"

"Worse luck, Graveling, you can't hocus people if they won't come to the house; and it's worse than waste of time picking empty pockets that ain't got nothing in them."

"I'm desperate!" cried the other, bringing his fist down with a crash upon the table, and there was a long silence.

At last the landlord spoke again.

"Where are those young uns?" he said; "why haven't they come in, I wonder?"

"Got nothing to bring you, I suppose," replied Doubledick, "and afraid to show up. Who's that outside? O, they're there, I see."

The child who had called itself Clam, and a little dark-eyed ragged girl of about the same age, were standing in the doorway, half shrinking back, as though fearing to enter.

"Now then," called Graveling roughly, "come in and shut the door, can't you? What are you afeard on?"

"She's not afeard," Clam made answer for the child. "She's not afeard, because she's done no harm; and she knows you wouldn't beat her because she was unlucky."

"O, that's the game, is it?" replied Graveling, with a ferocious oath. "She ain't brought nothing home? We'll see what she'll get. Stand out of the way, will you?"

But the other child, the girl in boy's clothes, flung herself between him and her sister, and clung to his arm.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'll tell you, if you're inquisitive," Graveling made answer. "I'm goin' to break every bone in her skin to begin with."

The dark-eyed girl, in an agony of fear, clung sobbing to her sister, and it required all the ruffian's strength to tear them asunder.

"Don't beat me again!" she cried, "pray don't beat me. Indeed, indeed, I couldn't help it. I've been so ill. I could not sing out loud, and no one would give me any money."

"You'll sing out loud enough directly," said the ruffian, and raising his arm, struck her with his flat hand a cruel blow in the face. He would have struck her again had not Clam interposed, and, throwing herself between, caught the second blow instead.

"Come, Graveling," put in Doubledick, "don't be hard on the kids. They'll do better next time."

"They should have done better this," answered Graveling; "but I'll show 'em who's master in this house!"

And once more renewing the attack, he seized the dark-eyed girl by the arm, and with a powerful wrench dragged her towards him, breathless and panting. But ere he could strike, quick as thought the other girl had drawn from her pocket and pulled open a clasp-knife, and with it made a rush at her sister's antagonist.

It was but a child's passionate act, however, and Doubledick, catching at her wrist, with little difficulty disarmed her. But Graveling's fury at this act of open rebellion was tremendous, and, releasing his hold on the other child, he took Clam with one hand by the throat, and raised on high his right fist clenched.

As though he had been waiting for this very moment, Ralph Strangeways now entered at the door, in time to stop the blow.

"I'm just in time, it seems," said he quietly, though keeping an iron grip upon the ruffian's arm. "I'm a stranger in England, and have been away from it these five years. It's not changed for the better since I knew it, it seems to me."

"Who are you?" asked Graveling savagely. "What do you want here?"

"My name is Ralph Strangeways, and I have come from John Rackstraw, to ask for his children. Is your name Graveling?"

The other's face turned suddenly pale, and his arm fell by his side.

"That's my name," said he. "Has Rackstraw come back?"

"No, but I have his authority to act in his name. Where are the children?"

He looked round curiously as he spoke at the squalid furniture, and back at the ill-looking visage of the man he was addressing. Meanwhile Doubledick, quick as thought, had pushed the children towards the door.

"Get out of the house," he said, "and don't come back again to-night, or he'll half murder you when the gentleman's gone."

They wanted no further advice, but stole silently away.

Then Graveling, left alone with Ralph Strangeways, after a moment or two began to recover his self-possession.

"The children are all right, sir; you shall see them presently. They're not at home just now. They won't be long, I daresay. Come into the other room. There's no one there and we'll talk things over quietly. That's it, sir; take a seat. I'll be with you in a minute."

He shut Strangeways in the tap-room and came back to the bar, where Doubledick was waiting for him.

"What's to be done," said Doubledick in a low tone. "It 'll be awkward explaining, won't it?"

"He mustn't know the truth; but leave me alone, I'll get a tale ready to suit him."

He took a private bottle of spirits and some glasses from a shelf in the bar and went to join the visitor. Then Doubledick, sitting on a side table and swinging his legs, thought things over.

"If Graveling makes a bolt of it, it's the best thing he can do," he thought; "that comes of nailing what ain't your own. Even me, now! I should be happier I daresay if I was a little honester."

A shadow came between him and the light and a man's hand rested on his shoulder. He started as though he thought it had been a policeman.

"Hullo!" he said, "it's you, Ike, is it? I thought it was Graveling."

"No; where is he?"

"Well, he's got company in there."

"Has he, now? Who is it, Dick? Some one from foreign parts, eh, Dick? Some one from over the sea? Come off a long voyage, eh! quite unexpected?"

"Who told you all about it?"

"Nobody, my dear boy, only my own eye; I looked through the parlor window and saw a sunburnt sailor chap; and what do you think he was doing?"

Graveling had approached them unheard and here interrupted.

"What was it, Ike?"

"I'll tell you, my friend. He was counting his money."

"What?"

"Just before you came in. Not silver or gold, even notes they was; a roll on 'em. I counted twenty. If they was only fives, he must have had a hundred pounds at least. Do you hear, Graveling, a hundred pounds? A hundred pounds don't come in your way every day; you oughtn't to let it slip, ought you?"

"There's no call to do that," said Doubledick. "He's come from Graveling's brother-in-law, the father of them two little girls, you know; and when he finds how nice they've been took care of, he's sure to shell out handsome."

"There's only one way for me to do," said Graveling; "I think I can persuade him to go to bed. He seems as if he was determined to see the children. When he's asleep I can clear off."

"Exactly," said Ike with a chuckle, "and what's more easy than to take the money with you? Drug his drink, and there'll be no trouble; or if there was, we're three to one."

* * * * * * * * *

Three hours Ralph Strangeaways had been waiting in the tap-room. He had his supper and a couple of glasses of grog.

"I'll wait up for them," he said.

The little girls were supposed to be out, spending the evening with some friends.

Presently Graveling gave it as his opinion that as it was so late the children might not return all night.

"You said you could give me a bed, I think? I accept your offer. Then I can deliver my message when they return the first thing in the morning, for I have lots of other business to attend to."

Graveling lit a candle and lighted him up a creaky staircase to a meanly-furnished bedroom.

"This looks over the river, I see," said Strangeways, approaching the window. "What clock is that striking?"

"It's Big Ben."

"Big Ben? It's five, six years nearly, since I heard him last. Twelve o'clock! I was lying ill in bed at the time, and very near to death, as I thought. We never know when we are nearest; never."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

A FRIEND.—As the rules governing all the States' Billiard Championships have not been published, we cannot say; but so far as we know, the party who challenges the champion is not obliged to put up half the value of the cue, neither do we see why he should. Should he prove victor in a championship match, however, then he would have to, and should put up the full value of the cue, to remain until he has held it the prescribed length of time, or hands it over to the winner in case he should be defeated within that time.

C. J. DONAHUE, Boston, Mass.—1. The best five mile sculling time on record is 35min. 10sec., made by Josh Ward on the Staten Island Course. 2. Yankee Sullivan defeated Hammer Lane in 19 rounds, 34 minutes, Feb. 2, 1841. 3. No. 4. Aaron Jones fought Sayers twice—making a draw in 62 rounds, 3 hours, Jan. 6, 1857, and being defeated in 2 hours, during which 85 rounds were fought, February 19, same year. 5. That is not positively known. Mr. Clarke is credited with having skated a mile in 1min. 56sec., at Madison, Wis.

N. S. W., Hartford, Conn.—Mr. A., the dealer, having taken up the trump, and declared to go alone, Mr. C., his opponent, could not go alone against him; Mr. A. having secured three tricks, makes but one point; had he gained all five tricks, he would have been entitled to four points; Mr. C. could not be euchred, as he did not take up or order up the trump; had Mr. C. euchred A., he, C., would have been entitled to two points therefor.

ROCKS.—1. Heenan never received the stakes in a prize fight, although he was entitled to them in the battle with Sayers. 2. The old Academy of Music was capable of seating 2,833. When crowded to its utmost capacity 4,000 was all that could get within its walls. 3. The New Stadt Theatre will seat more people than any theatre in the country. It will crowd in 4,800. 4. They have not. 5. The fight is fixed for May 27.

CONSTANT READER, Coos, N. H.—1. An oarsman "catches a crab" when he fails to remove his blade from the water at the proper time, and is thrown backwards from his seat in consequence. 2. Barney Aaron weighs, out of condition, 133 lbs., with his clothes on. 3. Drop a line to Harry Jennings or Sam Turner, whose ads. will be found elsewhere in this issue.

UNION HOTEL.—1. As if spelt comeke. 2. His name is White. 3. Wm. Carleton. 4. Which is the best minstrel company is a matter of opinion altogether, as there are several first-class companies. 5. David Wambold is probably the best ballad singer in the minstrel profession in this country. 6. Sayers had his arm broken in his fight with Heenan.

J. F. M., Charlestown, Mass.—1. Three miles, 19 minutes 40 seconds. 2. Five miles, 30 minutes 44¼ seconds. 3. No. 4. John Woods defeated George King in 56 rounds, 75 minutes, at Weehawken, N. J., Dec. 5, 1860. 5. His father being a citizen is sufficient to entitle his son, under the circumstances, to the rights of citizenship also.

MOSE, Troy.—1. The CLIPPER leaves our office for the post office every Tuesday forenoon, and should reach you on Wednesday. 2. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first produced in Troy. It enjoyed a run of two hundred and fifty consecutive performances at the National Theatre in Chatham street, this city. It was then withdrawn for a few nights and had another run.

NAVAL ACADEMY, Annapolis, Md.—1. James Hamill was born in October, 1838; Josh Ward, May 11, 1838, and Walter Brown, Oct. 7, 1841. 2. He has been very straightforward in all his matches, and never claimed a foul when the claim was not supported by the evidence of disinterested parties.

A CLIPPER READER, South Boston.—1. "Two souls with a single thought" may be found in "Ingomar." 2. "Beautiful Snow" was published in nearly every paper. 3. Yes, the name of A. Ward was accidentally omitted in our list of deaths in the profession during the year 1867. He died March 7, 1867.

A. PIERCE.—1. It is generally admitted by those who were present that Heenan fairly won the battle with Sayers. 2. The referee ran away when the ring was broken in and afterwards decided the fight a draw, each man to receive a *fac simile* of the belt. 3. He did not.

FLAG E.—B having put up a blind of 5 cents, and C and D having passed, E can see the blind and go better. He cannot, however, straddle the blind, which privilege only belongs to the player next the one who went a blind.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Glenns Falls.—B has a perfect right to pick up the aces if he thinks proper to do so; although by so doing he makes himself the lowest man and has to pay the penalty in the shape of cigars.

GANDOLF, New Orleans.—1. Lotta enjoys "single blessedness." 2. Bob was born in New York. 3. We cannot inform you where they were born. They are not champions in their business. 4. With number 52. 5. We do not have such articles.

GYMNAST, Brooklyn, L. I.—There are two first class gymnasiums in this city—John Wood's, in East Twenty-fifth street, near Sixth avenue, and Gebhard's, Fifth avenue and Twenty-second street.

DICK, Kalamazoo.—1. Jenny was married to and divorced from the gentleman you mention. 2. He is engaged as leader of the orchestra at the Broadway Theatre. 3. Cannot give you any information about the lady's father.

BULLY BOTTOM.—1. You can procure a copyright on a burlesque as well as any dramatic production. 2. The words are generally composed first and then set to music. 3. It depends altogether upon the circulation the book has.

E. WARD.—In the case you mention, C having straddled the blind, becomes the eldest hand, and has the right of the ace. Had not B's blind been straddled, he would have held the ace.

BOW-WOW, Hartford.—1. There is no work published on the method of training performing dogs that we know of. 2. The breed generally used is the poodle.

P. C., Chicago.—Not having access to the books of the concern, we are unable to give you the figures; our opinion is that the circulation is over 60,000.

W. F. H., Macon, Ga.—Heenan weighed 196 pounds and King 182 pounds in their memorable battle at Wadhurst, England, December 10, 1863. The former stands 6 feet 1¾ inches and the latter 6 feet 2¼ inches.

MICHAEL STARK, U. S. S. Wampanoag.—In the Presidential election in 1864 Geo. B. McClellan received 36,681 votes in the city, or county of New York, and Lincoln 73,709, making the latter's majority 37,028.

TAUNTON.—The United States license for selling ale and liquors is $25 for all who do a business of $25,000 or less a year, and over that $40.

CLIPPER READER, Penn Yan.—1. No. 2. Bill Poole was 5 ft. 9½ in. in height and 157 lbs. in weight. 3. Dexter's time is the best on record.

P. C., Worcester.—1. Your first question is too obscure for us to reply to. Repeat it in a more distinct manner. 2. We don't know the party.

L. M. R.—O'Baldwin stands 6 ft. 5½ in. in his stockings, and weighs 234 lbs. walking around. In condition he weighs between 196 and 198 lbs.

H. I. S., Louisville, Ky.—In handicapping dogs to kill rats the rule is to allow rats for pounds, according to the different weights of the dogs entered.

PROF. J. S. W., Quincy, Ill.—Messrs. Rivers & Co. devote their attention to that business. See their advertisement in any back number of the CLIPPER.

CAMERA, Trenton.—We never saw a book on that subject, nor do we know of any one who could furnish you with the information you desire.

CONSTANT READER, Chicago, Ill.—Dan Donnelly died in Dublin, Ireland, Feb. 18, 1820. He fought Cooper Dec. 13, 1815, and Oliver, July 21, 1819.

BILLY.—By many persons Tommy Peel is considered the best jig dancer, and Hughy Dougherty the best stump orator in the business.

SUBSCRIBER.—It was J. W. Wallack who played Fagin in "Oliver Twist" at the Brooklyn Academy in 1862, with Matilda Heron.

ALBION SOCIAL CLUB.—At forty-fives the "five fingers" may be "renig'd," as you term it, when Jack is led, if the said five is of the trump suit.

H. L. S., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Two points. 2. The party to whom you refer is on the square, we believe. Address Mr. Fay, No. 100 Nassau street, N. Y.

D. H., Fort Sedgwick.—1. Jenny Lind was the best. 2. Fastest running time was made in England—one mile, seventeen yards in one minute and thirty-nine seconds.

J. W. V., Pittsburgh, Pa.—E. T. Goodrich did not challenge Frank Swift last fall, although in replying to the *defi* of the latter, he made counter-propositions.

J. H., Mahoney City, Pa.—O'Baldwin and Hicks have started upon a starring tour. Ain't you mistaken in the man? Guess you mean Abe Hicken, who hails from Wolverhampton, Eng.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—1. Don Keehotee. 2. We never fail to make mention of events of interest in the amusements of your city.

O. L., Logansport, Ind.—1. We cannot express an opinion upon the subject. 2. We don't know of any person bearing that name.

W. J., Bridgeport, Ct.—Jim Dunn beat Jimmy Elliott in 12 rounds, lasting 35 minutes, Bull's Ferry, N. J., May 13, 1863.

REMITROM, Geneva.—James Mortimer is the author of "The White Fawn."

TROTTER.—Dexter's fastest time was 2:17¼ in harness, at Buffalo, in September last.

MRS. A. C. N., East Belmont.—A., having taken up the trump, neither of his adversaries can play alone against him.

TOM MALONE.—1. Harry Seymour, 152 Canal street, this city, can furnish you with what you require. 2. Fifty dollars.

BLACK CROOK, New Orleans.—The "Black Crook" was first produced at Niblo's Garden in this city. 2. Sam Sharpley.

H. W. H. Neponset.—We do not think that you will find ready sale for them in their mutilated condition.

J. P. J., Albany.—300,000 are said to be the present figures; but the circulation has been higher than that.

N. J. H.—Your numerous questions are so jumbled up that we cannot make them out.

FRIEND, Columbus.—They are engaged at the Academy of Music Albany, N. Y.

P. B., Monroe County.—We believe the charge is five dollars per week.

N. L. W., Middletown.—1. He is no better. 2. Ace, deuce, tray, etc.

A READER, Cleveland.—The Guide will contain the population of every town and city in the United States and Canadas.

JOHNNY SMOKER, Balt.—Your friend is wrong and you are right. It is not necessary to smoke the entire cigar.

ADMIRER.—No public drawing ever took place, that we are aware of. We have heard nothing of the affair of late.

PARSONS, North Adams.—Our impression is that of the two papers the *Times* has the larger daily circulation.

HIRAM.—Your's did not reach us in time for last week, and it is too late now to discuss the matter.

T. McC., Elizabeth.—Your best plan would be to call on Colbert, in this city, and thereby save time.

R. SANGTER, Winchester, Va.—Money received. Your subscription expires with No. 21, vol. 16.

BARTON, St. Louis, Mo.—Morrissey beat George Thompson, Yankee Sullivan and John C. Heenan.

FLY UP THE CREEK, Allegheny.—The party you mention was the one we had reference to.

TELEGRAPH, Cincinnati.—She sails for California by the next steamer, and will play there.

D. S. HAND, Dixon, Ill.—It is at the option of the dealer and beggar to run them.

OTTAWA, Kansas.—We do not have time to attend to that sort of business.

CONSTANT READER.—Opinions are divided. Of the two, we prefer Booth.

JOHN AND JOE.—He is not compelled to trump except when trump is led.

H. A. S.—Your items will be acceptable. We do not issue such documents.

M. E. J., Port Deposit.—Youatt on the Horse is regarded as a standard work.

ENQUIRER.—Barnum's Museum was destroyed by fire July 13, 1865.

OLD READER, Rutland, Vt.—We cannot vouch for the responsibility of the affair.

CONSTANT READER, New Orleans.—They are at the Olympic, St. Louis, Mo.

ECHO, Philadelphia.—We never saw a book published on that subject.

F. L.—Jimmy Elliott never fought Bill Davis. Dunn defeated Davis May 16, 1865.

A. J. W., Burlington, Vt.—Harry Lazarus weighed 112lbs.

A. C., Sauk City, Wis.—We cannot send you the back numbers.

FRED, New Orleans.—They are at the Olympic, St. Louis, Mo.

XERO, Cincinnati.—Hattie is at present in this city.

J. D., Fort Union, N. M.—Send along the article.

J. C. H., Cleveland.—Payne is the author.

READERS, Trenton.—All right.

A CONSTANT READER.—Harry Lazarus died Jan. 3, 1865.

MISS W.—They are not playing anywhere at present.

FRED. SIEGEL.—Sent your letter to Joliet, Ill.

H. C., Rochester, N. Y.—Money enough for twice.

WHAT A NEW YORK EARTHQUAKE MIGHT SWALLOW.

The verbose and philosophic Thatcher—the scribe of the weather clerk—has discovered that we were visited the other night by an earthquake. This, like the old reports from the Army of the Potomac, is "important if true." This same earthquake, like the deadheads at a theatre, seems to have been traveling around loose. We heard of it over in Spain, and it was not long before it crossed the ocean with lightning speed and put in an appearance amongst the West Indian Islands, where rest the bones of Kit Columbus, early explorer, etc. But the quake has gone further, if Thatcher is to be relied on, and has actually sent its thrill through our cosmopolitan town. Fortunately for our peace of mind we awoke the morning after the shaking catastrophe in blissful ignorance of the great event, and it was not until we had perused the shining columns of the *Sun* that we discovered how imminent had been our peril during the wee sma' hours.

A thoughtful mind can always glean useful lessons from disasters safely passed. By the "thoughtful mind" we refer, of course, to our own expansive intellect, and for the "useful lessons" the reader is referred to the suggestions which follow. An earthquake gobbles up things with an avidity which would put to shame the feats of the African Swallower himself; not knives, or stones, or food alone, but houses, persons, and towns, are raked into the rapacious maw of this mighty feeder. And what might Old Earthy have swallowed in the city of New York?

First of all he would have made a Jonah of each member of the disputing Boards of the Common Council. We can imagine these gentlemen casting a farewell glance at the unfinished walls of the new Tammany before they "got to their holes," or gazing with fond remembrance on the club room of the Union League as they passed to Hell-e-lu-jah!

The new and wonderful spectacular drama, which is the only legitimate rival to the "Black Crook," would also have gone to the wall. How can our fancies picture the shapely limbs cutting a final *pas* into the heart of Mother Earth. We see, in dreams, the lovely *premier danseuse* throw a last fling and sink forever from our sight, displaying to the end her little foot and ample calf. The great audience follows suit, and last of all goes the faithful Treasurer, carrying his shinplaster offering to the bowels of this mundane sphere.

And just as surely the minstrels would go down. The gentleman who "wouldn't be a baby" would sink lightly into the lap of nature; the interesting individual who announces that he has "come home to die" would find it convenient to make his exit some distance from the paternal mansion. The interlocutor, who auctions off freedom at a fabulous price, would see the hammer which breaks the crust of earth descending on his head. Nor would the pugilists escape. While yet the brawny arm was raised the Quake would claim both events, and knock the champion so far down stairs that he would rise no more. In fact, the whole city would "come up reeling," and only the wicked earth would smile.

The feelings of the bulls and bears would not be pleasant. They themselves would be "covered," instead of their "shorts," and they would be "pushed," who were erstwhile "pushing." There would be no more "corners"—only a *hole*. Greenbacks and gold would reach a common level, and bondholders would find their coupons cut off without trouble or expense. Worst of all, the earthquake would *rake* in our *Hoe*-press and knock the forms of the CLIPPER into eternal *pi*. Lost forever would be the "accurate likenesses," "the correct biographical sketches," "the sporting intelligence," and the "sparkling editorials," which have rendered immortal "the oldest theatrical journal in the United States," (see first page.)

Be merciful, friend Thatcher! Do not swallow us at present. "We would not live alway," but we do not desire to be *quaked* into eternity just at present. Speak to the weather-clerk Thatchy. He may gobble Mr. Seward's newly-acquired possessions; but ask him, old boy, for our sake, to leave undisturbed the ancient island of Manhattan.

A TALK WITH THE CLOWNS.

It requires considerable intellect to be a fool. What we mean to say is that to ape the manners of those sharp yet underwitted persons who are scattered through the world necessitates the possession of brains far removed from mediocrity. It is an art—this same imitation is; an art that through patient hours must be learned by hard study. In the old days—long before the cracked bell at Philadelphia had sent its peal of Freedom through the land—his high and mighty majesty the King gave to a clown his hash and clothes and a bed-chamber in the royal palace. Well, the duty of this clown was to joke at all times. Was the King's brow clouded, the fool dissipated the shadow with a merry quip; did state troubles weigh on the mind of the monarch, his joker turned the groan to a smile. With impunity he insulted the highest in the land, and sent his pointed though half-senseless shafts to the heart of royalty itself. Grave courtiers held their sides when he spoke. Beautiful ladies gathered around him, laughing and blushing alternately, as they heard their charms and their faults described. The clown might have sorrows and troubles; death might close the eyes of his children, or despair send the iron to his heart—but through all he must needs be cheerful, for his duty was to make others laugh—for this he was kept and paid. All of the foregoing refers to the days of "auld lang syne."

"Things is changed sum'at" in these latter times. The king died long ago, and the clown sought other fields for his peculiar talent. The circus—an old institution, but one which has undergone manifold changes—saw in the clown an individual who could be made of no small use in winning public cash and public grins. Forthwith the circus employed him "at an enormous salary"—to quote from the bills—and from that day to this his name has been connected with the saw-dust ring.

You remember, *we* remember, the first circus we attended. 'Twas away back in the shadowy years, that rise like dim spectres to-day, and it was away up in the little village where the Puritan face of the solemn clergyman haunted our slumbers and kept us company through the waking hours. 'Twas there we visited the "show," which came heralded with its gaudy, flaming posters and its wonderful band chariot. We had heard of the fame of the riders; we had pondered on the difficult feats of the acrobats; but, after all, what we really went to see was the clown—he who came in with his powdered face, his striped clothes, and his merry voice exclaiming, "here we are again!" We laughed at his nimble legs; we laughed at his senseless face; we laughed at his funny dress; and through all he never seemed a man of intelligence—he was a monkey in tights, at whom and with whom we could roar for a good two hours. But again we are referring to "ye olden time," nor have we yet spoken our word to the Clowns. A new order of things is apparent. The good jester of the dear dead days has given place to the "Shaksperean Humorist." He is very "refined." What is refinement? A careful abstinence from all things coarse, profane and obscene. But what is refinement as displayed in the manner of some of these "Humorists?" Simply a fractured quotation from the grand bard of Avon, or a cheap recitation of patriotic sentiments gleaned from the last speech of a stump politician.

When an actor desires to portray the character of a drunkard, he watches an inebriated individual passing in dizzy haste to his domicile. If his *role* requires the counterfeit presentment of an angry man, the conscientious actor punches the head of his dearest friend just to see how he will take it, and with nice precision he imitates accordingly. A clown, if we understand it, intends to play the smart fool. He will find his models on the street and in the lunatic asylum. The odd monomaniacs who have funny fancies which they execute with commendable perseverance—the old fellow at Blackwell's Island, who, through many long years, has fortified the position with his mimic fort; the gentleman at Utica who is quite certain that he discovered America and that his name is C. Columbus; the boy on the highway who sings a mysterious song, which neither he nor his audience can comprehend; the crazy street preacher, who vividly describes how people will look when they are "going up;" the person who disposes of paper lamp lighters at two cents a bunch; and the man whose brain reels beneath a quart of whiskey. All these should be the clown's instructors. And what are the facts in the case? The would-be fools study "the bards sublime," and endeavor to force on the audience those sentiments which love or youth have already rendered familiar. While certain acts are progressing they announce in solemn tone that Mr. So & So will do Thus and Thus, thereby destroying forever their character of fools.

The circus profession is very old. But the time is coming when a fresh clown shall arise who will study his *role* from fools and idiots, instead of from Shakespeare and politicians. The first man who has the intellect to be a fool will be hailed as a star, enduring as "shows" themselves. An old Roman was desirous of knowing what self-sacrificing individual would stand a short distance to the right and guard the bridge with him. The fellow was forthcoming, and he and his "anxious inquirer" were victorious. So we ask who will take our advice and be a fool. Avoid obscenity, discard vulgarity, shun profanity, and, that done, throw refinement to the dogs. Be funny, be senseless, be a fool! then you will become a star such as has not shone for long in the saw-dust ring.

We close as we began:—It requires considerable intellect to be a fool.

THE AMERICUS CLUB BALL, which took place at the Academy of Music on the 9th inst., was a brilliant affair. Gentlemen of prominence in the political world were there, supported by their domestic constituency; the bench was represented—the workbench and the judicial; the bar, legal and illegal, shone out in holiday attire; the stage—dramatic as well as Knickerbocker line—had a full deputation present; old sports and young sports, professionals and amateurs, were out in numbers; gentlemen who fight the tiger, "joined in the mazy;" and everybody who is *anybody* was on hand to honor the annual festival of Americus. But how shall we attempt to describe the ladies? Low necks and short sleeves predominated, and though the night was intensely cold, these luscious-looking creatures who joined in the bare dance gave to the Academy the character of a summer house filled with the rarest flowers in bloom. Oh! that our arms were long enough to take them all in at one fell swoop. And you should have seen these rare exotics at the supper table—no favorite dish escaped their argus-eyes, nor beefsteak rare did any there despise. Ah! it was a sight long to be remembered. The ball was a great success, the managers leaving nothing undone to ensure the presence, comfort and enjoyment of their friends.

DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN SPORTSMAN.—It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mr. Paul Mead, of Brooklyn, a gentleman widely known and universally respected among the votaries of the trigger throughout the United States. As a pigeon shot he was equalled by few, although it was rarely that he could be induced to take part in any public contest, so anxious was he to avoid notoriety. His great match for one thousand dollars at double birds with Recorder Hackett, on the Fashion Course, L. I., some four or five years ago, will long be remembered for the magnificent and unequalled shooting made by both contestants, and which resulted in the match being a tie, both killing the same number of birds. As a game shot, Mr. Mead was unsurpassed. His kindly, cheerful disposition, sterling integrity, courtesy, and open-hearted liberality, gained him the friendship and respect of all with whom he was brought in contact, and his death is widely and deeply lamented by a large circle of friends. Erysipalus, superinducing typhoid fever, was the cause of his death, after a very brief illness. He was forty-eight years of age.

NEW PAPERS.—The ladies of strong mind are endeavoring to create a *Revolution* in our midst, but it is doubtful if the strong minders prove successful. Other parties attempted the creation of a new *Globe*, but the new institution would'nt work, and the *Globe* was swallowed up in a little *Star*. So we go. Newspapers are expensive experiments now-a-days, and a man who goes into the business must have a well-stuffed pocket book and credit at the bank, or he will soon go under. The *Sun*, that used to "shine for all," now only shines for Dana & Co., who have transmogrified Tammany Hall into a newspaper office.

SUING FOR STAKE MONEY.—The editor of the London *Sportsman* is to be sued for Sadler's portion of the stakes involved in the recent rowing match for the championship of the Thames. There is a dispute as to whether Kelly *won* the stakes, and the editor is to be attached by law because he gave the six hundred pounds to Kelly, the reputed winner of the race.

"THE BOATMEN DANCE."—The Columbia Boat Club announce their third annual ball for Friday evening next, Jan. 17th, at Irving Hall. The Columbia gentlemen get up their festivals in good style.

PROGRESS OF THE GOOD WORK.—A society for the prevention of cruelty to animals is being organized in Matanzas. The subject is attracting general attention in Cuba.

THE EXODUS OF BRITISH PUGILISTS.

The crusade which the authorities in England have recently instituted against the time honored institution of the prize ring has created a general panic amongst its practical professors, who find their "occupation gone" in their own country, and are in consequence compelled to look about for "pastures new" for the exercise of their peculiar talents. Within the past few months America has witnessed a constant irruption of Trans-Atlantic pugilists, and the cry is "Still they come." Bill Ryall, Tom Allen and Peter Morris led the van of the invading army, and the reports they sent home of the flattering reception they met with from the American fistic fraternity, and the harvest of greenbacks which they reaped from the public exhibitions of their professional skill, speedily induced others of their compatriots to voluntarily "leave their country for their country's good," and follow in their footsteps to the "Land of the Brave and the Home of the Free." Abe and Harry Hicken, and shortly afterwards O'Baldwin and Jack Hicks were the next comers, and we are told that Napper, Jack Rooke and other less shining lights in the pugilistic firmament are on the eve of following their example. Let them come and be welcomed among us, for we believe that one good effect at least of this infusion of science and muscle will be to give a stimulus to the cultivation of those athletic exercises and recreations which tend to the developement of the physical powers, and consequently to the health and constitutional vigor of our youth. It seems "passing strange," however, that the prize ring, with its concomitant art of boxing, which for two centuries has been looked upon as essentially and peculiarly British in its character, should now be expatriated from its former home, and compelled to find a harbor and a refuge in the United States.

It has been a matter of surprise to many, notwithstanding the oft repeated declaration of the ex-champion, Jem Mace, of his intention to visit America, and the numerous farewell exhibition benefits he has taken in various parts of England on the strength of his immediate departure across the Atlantic, that he has not yet carried his purpose into execution. By many, this is attributed to the presence of the Irish Giant here, and Mace's unwillingness to realize the promise he gave O'Baldwin of fighting him in the United States. Others, however, adopt a more charitable construction of Mace's motives and assert that he is unable to raise the funds requisite for the voyage across the Atlantic. That the Ex-champion has lost caste in England is evident from the published statement of one of his backers that Mace has not yet accounted to those backers for the money they put up for him in his late match with O'Baldwin, (and which, as our readers are aware, resulted in a fizzle) and which was paid over to him by the stakeholder. He may yet find it to his interest, pecuniarily speaking, to follow the example of his pugilistic contemporaries in their visit to this country.

A VEST POCKET BALL ROOM MANUAL has just been issued in Belfast, Maine. It is a neat and useful little affair. If you miss a figure in your dancing efforts, a sly glance in your vest pocket will set you all right, and nobody the wiser.

E. Z. C. JUDSON (Ned Buntline) has just organized a division of the Sons of Temperance at Kensico, Westchester county. It is well.

RUSSIA is menacing Turkey. We are just about letting up on turkey.

SKATING.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

With the exception of a single day, the week just closed has been one of high carnival to the thousands of the devotees of the attractive and exhilarating pastime of skating residing in and around the Metropolis, and the various ponds of New York, Jersey City, Brooklyn and Hoboken have been patronized to a much greater extent than during any previous period since the icy breath of the monarch from the frigid zone first stilled their rippling surface. The ice was in splendid condition during the first two days of the week, but on Tuesday night a heavy fall of rain placed an embargo upon the sport, but only for a few hours, as by Thursday morning the ponds again presented a glassy surface, and the scenes and incidents of the earlier portion of the week were re-enacted with increased gusto by young, old and middle-aged of both sexes. From the period of resumption up to the hour of going to press, the pursuit of happiness upon gleaming steel has been prosecuted with unabated vigor, and, judging from the keen, biting atmosphere without, there is every prospect that the elements will not interfere to lessen the pleasure of those who entertain a *penchant* therefor for some days to come, which, for their sake, we sincerely hope may be the case—a wish heartily echoed by the proprietors of our different parks, for therein lieth much greenbacks.

MITCHELL'S FIFTH AVENUE POND, which is the resort of the upper strata of society, has been attended day and evening by large and fashionable assemblages, numbering among them many of the most accomplished skatists of the city and neighborhood. The New York Club held their inaugural reception on the evening of the 10th inst., upon which occasion the lake was beautifully illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and the night being delightfully clear, with the weather sufficiently moderated to make exercise in the open air pleasureable, a brilliant company were present, and, 'neath the pale beams of Cynthia, kept time on clinking steel to the music of the band which nightly discourseth sweet strains at this resort. A handsome feminine stranger, from the Hub of the Universe, attracted much attention by the skill she displayed, and was the recipient of numerous prettily-worded compliments from the gallant members of the club. The principal events in prospective are a ladies' watch for a prize, valued at $50, which is fixed for Thursday, 16th instant, and a contest between gentlemen, open to all except members of the New York Club, to take place on Monday, 20th instant, for a prize of similar value.

MACMILLAN'S FORTY-SIXTH STREET POND.—The attendance at this pond has been very fair throughout the week, although in consequence of its recent establishment it is not as well known as its rivals farther up town. The feature of the week was a grand carnival, held on Friday afternoon and evening, which proved a success, though the assemblage was not so extensive as anticipated. The pond was brilliant with tri-colored lanterns, while a pyrotechnic display and the dulcet strains of a brass band enhanced the attractiveness of the scene.

OATMAN'S RINK.—This rendezvous of the *creme de la creme* was favored with a liberal share of patronage, and all who attended were sure of compassing enjoyment, for, besides the excellent character of the ice, the visitors were sheltered from the rude blasts of Old Boreas, which at times detracted much from the pleasure of those who attended the other ponds. The main event was a contest of skill for a valuable gold medal of unique and beautiful design and workmanship, between Mrs. Whitney, of Boston, and Mrs. Jackson, of the City of Churches. The match was skated according to the new programme of the New York Club, but only seventeen of the movements were executed. The Boston lady, although exhibiting more grace than her rival, was entirely ignorant of some of the more difficult figures of the programme, and, in consequence, the judges—Mrs. E. F. Miller and Messrs. H. P. Sears and A. P. Baudoine—awarded the prize to Mrs. Jackson, the score standing 29 to 20.

THE CENTRAL PARK PONDS.—These democratic resorts were crowded with a homogeneous congregation of all classes, it being estimated that during Saturday afternoon and evening, when the various schools throughout the metropolis were closed, to the great delight of future presidents and mistresses of the White House, fully thirty thousand persons disported themselves upon the different lakes, the ice on all of which was in tip-top order, and the scene presented at night, with the shadowy figures flitting rapidly hither and thither, and the white-clad shrubbery edging the ponds, was picturesque in the extreme. Alexander Helzer, Jr., the one-legged skater, from Boston, who recently challenged any similarly situated skater in the country to contest with him in a race of from two to four miles, and which challenge is still open—was present, on the 11th inst., and astonished the natives there assembled by his wonderful abilities. His principal *forte* is distance and fast skating, though he can execute many fancy figures with almost incredible skill. He has skated eight miles and three-quarters, and is desirous of a trial with some one, which, if he can succeed in obtaining, will excite much interest. It is probable that he will give public exhibitions of his skill throughout the country, providing suitable arrangements can be made. The Park was also crowded on Sunday, when most of the others were closed.

BROOKLYN AND JERSEY CITY.—The week has been one of unalloyed pleasure to the exponents of the slippery art in Brooklyn, Williamsburgh and Jersey City. At the Jersey City Skating Lake a grand carnival was held on the 10th inst., when the attendance was unusually large and brilliant, and the exhibition of proficiency something extra for Jersey, although some very fine skaters are almost daily to be seen threading the mazes upon this popular sheet of congealed water.

SKATING CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—The well-known New York skater, Mr. Sellick S. Scofield, having challenged any man in the United States, to skate a match of from ten to fifty miles, for $500 or $1,000 a side, the bold *defi* is now accepted by the famous Newburgh skatist and oarsman, Tim Donoghue, who expresses his readiness to skate him ten miles or one hundred miles, for $1,000 a side, on the Hudson River, any time after the 1st of February. Mr. Scofield means business, for he and Mr. Donoghue are to meet at the CLIPPER Office on Wednesday, the 15th inst., to sign articles and put up a deposit.

A SKATER FOR A THEATRE is advertised for in the CLIPPER, by Wallace J. Blake.

WILSON VANQUISHES WILLIAMS.—The return game of the home and home match, billiards and bagatelle, between Clarke Wilson, of the Knickerbocker Cottage, and Charley Williams, the *soi disant* champion, took place at 320 Eighth avenue on the evening of the 3d instant. This was at bagatelle, French caroms, 101 points up, for $50 a side, and from the reported skill of the English professional at this game, and the fact that Wilson made no pretensions to excellence, having had very little practice on a bagatelle table, the former was booked to turn the tables upon his more youthful adversary, certain, and thus retrieve the laurels lost in their previous meeting on the board of green cloth at the St. Charles Rooms. A goodly number of persons were gathered to witness the contest, which comenced after the proprietor had been chosen umpire, and Geo. Dunning, of quoiting celebrity, appointed scorer. The Englishman did not play up to his usual standard, owing, many thought, to celebrating New Year's by gazing too often through a glass darkly, and Clarke, who did far better execution than it was anticipated he would, brought him to grief by the subjoined score:

Wilson—1, 1, 16, 5, 4, 8, 7, 7, 2, 12, 9, 1, 7, 18, 3; total, 101.
Williams—9, 8, 10, 1, 2, 6, 1, 6, 18, 7, 4, 3, 1, 14; total, 83.

THE RING.

SWEEPING CHALLENGE FROM NED O'BALDWIN.

HE WILL FIGHT ANY MAN IN THE WORLD

FOR FROM $2,000 TO $5,000 A SIDE.

WILL ANY OF OUR BIG GUNS ACCEPT THE DEFI?

The cleverness displayed by Edward O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, in sets-to with the gloves since his arrival in the country, coupled with his immense size, has found him admirers who are ready to back him against the world, as was pratically demonstrated last week by his calling at the CLIPPER office, in company with his trainer, Jack Hicks, and depositing in our hands the sum of two hundred dollars to make good the subjoined challenge, which bars nobody, of whatever nationality, and has been called forth by the failure of the wily Mace to fulfil his promise, which precious few on this side ever had any idea he would. Here is a chance for some of our heavy-weights to get on a match which will be invested with much more than ordinary importance, not alone from the amount of the stake money, but from the international character which it would assume. The impression seems to generally prevail that, owing to the extraordinary stature of the challenger, no one would have a ghost of a chance when opposed to him; but such an opinion should be scouted as altogether erroneous, and not to be entertained for a single instant, especially by those who, through the combined qualities of science, courage, stamina, weight and muscular power, are worthy to stand before any man in existence, though he may overtop them a few inches. How many instances do we find recorded in Fistiana in which other essential qualities have secured for their possessor the victory when opposed to mere bulk, though supported by more than the average science? Let us hear no more prating, therefore, about the great size of the Giant; but if anybody wants a job for a snug sum, let them come out boldly and pick up the gauntlet. Will they do this, or is O'Baldwin, after his ineffectual attempt to get accommodated with a championship fight across the water, to be allowed to come here, challenge the best men in the country, and then return home without somebody having trod on the tail of his coat? For the honor and manliness of our representative boxers, we hope this is not to be, as such a result would assuredly make us a laughing stock in the eyes of the balance of the world, and deservedly, too. Who will speak for the first shy? Even if the acceptor should fail in his task, he cannot lose anything in reputation. The amounts mentioned are both small enough and large enough to suit all possible comers, we think, and although O'Baldwin refuses to fight for a less sum than $2,000 a side, he would doubtless be willing to increase the amount, if desired. We hope to hear favorably by next week in answer to the challenge, which is as below:—

NEW YORK, Jan. 8, 1868.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir.*—As there seems no possibility of my desire to meet Jem Mace in a fair fight being gratified, at least for the present, although he promised faithfully to follow and fight me in this country, I hereby challenge any man in the world to fight me for from $2,000 a side to $5,000 a side, and I will allow Mace or any man in England the sum of $500 for expenses to fight in America. To show that I mean business I herewith deposit the sum of $200 in the hands of the editor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER. Any one wishing to accept this challenge can get on a match by covering this deposit and appointing a place where a meeting may be held and articles of agreement drawn up and signed. Challenges for a less sum than $2,000 a side will not receive attention, as the incidental expenses will be too great. Yours, &c.,

EDWARD O'BALDWIN.

O'BALDWIN AND HICKS IN WILLIAMSBURGH, L. I.

The second entertainment given for the benefit of Ed O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, and Jack Hicks, since their arrival on free soil, attracted between five and six hundred persons to Union Hall, corner of Division avenue and Clymer street, Brooklyn, E. D., on the evening of Tuesday, 7th inst, the large majority of those in attendance being residents of that section, as no special attraction was offered to induce the sporting division of the metopolis to make the trip for the purpose of seeing O'B. put up his dukes a second time. The hall was excellently adapted for the purpose, the stage being commodious and of a proper height, and as the audience were much better behaved than those usually to be encountered at such entertainments, all had a first-rate opportunity to see everything that was going on, and consequently went home perfectly satisfied with the exhibition, for the boxing was of an A1 quality, except in a few instances. W. Stenson and Young Carroll, a couple of youthful but ambitious sparrers, who made a fair display. Billy Edwards and his old opponent, Pete McGinniss, were next on the programme, and pummelled away merrily in their customary sloshing manner to the delight of the boys, who weren't chary of the applause bestowed. Young Cheer now came on with Harry Jones, which was another feather in the cap of the little but hard-hitting pug from Albion's cliffs. The next bout was between Jack Hicks and Mike Noonan, and was of especial interest, owing to the display made between the former and Barney Aaron. It was a first-rate box, and the Brooklynite more than equalled the expectations of his admirers—and they think a heap of Mickey, you bet—getting on to Jackward a number of times very cleverly, and keeping well out of the way of his forcible arguments. Altogether, Mike did better than Barney at the Casino, in consequence of the size of the stage offording him an opportunity to dance around *ad libitum*; but Hicks was altogether too heavy for Mike, and couldn't, of course, make as fine a display as he always does when opposed to a man of more of his size and avoirdupois. Young Edwards now came on a second time, with a cove named Johnny Pinkerton, who was under the impression that he knew a "hawk from a hernshaw" in the matter of boxing, but the white-headed youth convinced him that he was laboring under a hallucination by the way he knocked him about like old shoes. It was very amusing to see the frantic attempts of the novice to plant on Billy or get away from danger, twisting himself into every imaginable and unimaginable shape, and the auditors were kept in a continual roar of convulsive merriment during their occupation of the boards. As soon as the hilarity occasioned by this meeting had quieted down, Johnny Dwyer and the Fulton Market Socrates, Mike Costello, who seldom takes a hand in thuswise now-a-days—more's the pity—for he understands right well how to do it when he feels inclined—mounted the sacred ground, and without any unnecessary fiddling, got to business after a lively fashion, thumping each other's anatomy with a vim and doing well their part in causing the show to pass off pleasureably. Now came the principal card of the evening—the wind-up—between O'Baldwin and that popular up-town sport, Luke Welsh. Although the latter reached an altitude of six feet three inches, he looked a head less in stature than Ned, partly caused by a peculiar and not to be commended style he has of stooping when he should maintain as erect a position as possible when opposed to a man his superior in height and length of reach. He will do well to pay heed to this in his future sets to with the Giant. It was plain that O'Baldwin had things just as he wanted them, rapping his opponent gingerly many a time and oft, albeit the latter didn't fancy getting too close when there was'nt any actual necessity for it. Luke succeeded in scoring some fair hits on the conk and body; but they weren't a marker to those with which he was favored by the giant, who, however, did not have a fair opportunity to display his ability with the gloves. He gave another evidence of his quickness upon his feet, skipping about hither and thither in a manner astounding to the audience, who had never seen such an amount of avoirdupois got around anything like so rapidly before. He came near scrunching Uncle Tovee at one time, and might have incapacitated the old gentleman from attending to his duties for some time to come, had he not bolted at short notice, which would have been a bad thing for the fraternity, whether they think so or not. This closed the entertainment, and after Tovee had delivered his customary valedictory on behalf of the *beneficiaires*, the spectators wended their way homewards.

THE AARON-UNKNOWN MATCH.

A FIFTH DEPOSIT MADE GOOD.

Another five hundred a side in the important five thousand dollar match between the Star of the North and Jim Collins' Unknown, was tabled all in good season at the "Gem," Houston and Crosby streets, on the evening of Saturday, 11th inst. As usual, there was an extensive gathering of fistic and sporting characters present to witness the ceremony and obtain whatever information in reference to the interesting match there might be floating about, and indulge in an interchange of opinion regarding the merits of the men and their relative chances of bringing the affair to a successful conclusion. The most prominent figures in the group, both because of their bulk and reputation, were Mike McCoole, the Western Champion, looking as tough and rugged as an oak, and Jimmy Elliott, who had made the trip from the margin of Lake Erie to Gotham principally for the purpose of taking stock of that other Irish giant, O'Baldwin, with a view to having a "bit av a scrimmage wid him" in case the scrutiny tallied with his ideas, and other things turned out favorable. It was the universal impression that the mystery involving the identity of the Unknown would be cleared up on this occasion, but owing to certain reasons, not necessary to mention, such a desideratum was not effected. However, it is now an assured fact that Patsy Sheppard is the individual concerning whom the fraternity have been exercising their minds for weeks past all to no purpose; albeit he is not the party originally intended to face Barney. Jem Gollagher, the young and scientific British lightweight, who beat Jones, Moss and Dove, and fought draws with Jack Hicks and Abe Hicken, was the man in the mind's eye of the backers of the Unknown when the match was made, but not being able to get him here, Patsy was the next choice, much to the latter's gratification, as that's exactly what he made the journey from the Mound City for months ago. If everything goes on all right, the rivals will, after the next and final deposit, which has to be forthcoming at Matt Moore's, the "Inwood," on Sunday, January 26th, between the hours of one and four o'clock P. M., commence preparatory exercise. Barney will train in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, under the mentorship of John Grindell, if he don't alter his mind, and Sheppard will take his breathings in company with Johnny Mackey, the experienced trainer and jovial companion.

LITTLE FIGHT IN JERSEY.—On the morning of the 5th inst. a select party "sherried their nibs," as our fakir acquaintances would observe, to a spot on the plank road not far from Jersey City, to witness an off-handed mill between Mike McCalley, a Washington Market butcher boy, and Patsey McGeorge, for a century a side, 'tis said. They fought twenty-one good rounds, when the beaks made their unwelcome appearance, and a stampede at once commenced, the majority making leg bail, but the principals and seconds jumping into conveyances and rapidly leaving the blue coats in the lurch. A halt was made at a hotel near Union Hill, where six more rounds were fought in a room, when Patsy, who had the best of it, struck a foul blow, and the referee decided the battle against him. The friends of the defeated man were highly indignant at this decision, and a general melee ensued, during which the referee was beaten badly and kicked down stairs. A man named O'Halloran was stabbed, and other participants seriously and slightly injured.

THE BAKER AND DUFFY MATCH.—The $200 match between Marcellus Baker and Tom Duffy, of Bangor, Me., goes on all right and each man is working like a trooper to get himself in fix on the day. There is a probability of the stakes being increased, as Marcellus says he is ready and willing to make it a thousand any time, and the other party seem disposed to risk a few more hundreds upon their *protege*. The services of Sol. Aaron will be secured to train and second Baker, providing the twain can strike a bargain.

NOT RIGHT.—We learn that Billy McLean obtained and disposed of thirty tickets for Patsey Sheppard's benefit in Philadelphia on the 19th inst. and held on to the sugar. This is altogether wrong, especially upon the part of one who so recently complained of being treated so himself, and won't do Mac any good, certain. We thought Billy was going to the West.

JIMMY ELLIOTT TO NED O'BALDWIN.

JIMMY WILLING TO FIGHT.

The Athlone Giant is very desirous of having a trial with the naked fists with O'Baldwin, which was his principal object in coming to this city, but as his backers think the Irish Giant's immense size places Elliott at a disadvantage which no amount of science, courage and endurance can overcome, they are unwilling to risk their money upon their man in what they consider would be an unequal contest. They, however, are ready to make a match for $2,500 a side, stipulating that O'Baldwin must whip him in an hour in order to win the money—if he don't he loses the whole amount of the stakes. Taking into consideration the disparity in the size of the men, and the reputation as a clever fighter which Ned has obtained, everybody will admit that there is a great deal of reason and judgment in the arguments of Elliott's backers. Precedent justifies them in demanding some sort of odds from a man having so much in his favor, and if the O'B. wishes to have, as he professes, a fight which shall be decided on the merits of the men alone, he cannot reasonably offer any objection to the proposal, or at least should make a counter proposition which will tend to place them more on an equality, and then, if if he succeeds in winning the battle, he will be deserving of all the more credit. We shall have more to say on the subject next week.

THE O'BALDWIN BENEFIT AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

BAD ARRANGEMENTS AND A DISAPPONTED AUDIENCE.

Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, and Jack Hicks, the plucky looking ex-champion of light-weights, were announced to have a benefit at City Hall, Providence, R. I, Saturday evening, Jan. 11th. As far as your correspondent can ascertain from those who were connected with the affair, which proved such a shameful piece of business, the benefit did not take place at all. The facts are as follows:—

Mr. Hicks gave the agent, whose name is Watts, one hundred dollars to do the business here in ship-shape order. Watts arrived and announced that the celebrities would be here on Thursday. It becoming noised around that they were in town, everybody, young and old, flocked to Rooke's saloon to see the big guns. On arriving there and finding that they were not in the city, caused a report to that effect, and also one that they were not coming, but that the affair was a speculation to make money. The report was believed by many for the reason that on the occasion of Rooke's last benefit Rockey Moore and Barney Aaron were announced to appear, but did not, thereby causing much dissatisfaction. As I said before, Watts received money to do the business, but did it badly. The town was poorly advertised, about twenty-four or forty hours before the affair was to come off, and consequently one man in a hundred knew nothing of the affair. O'Baldwin and his men arrived here in the afternoon, and at 7 in the evening, the doors were opened. About two or three hundred people were present, who were kept there until nine o'clock; when they began to be quite uneasy, as the performance was to begin at 8. At this moment crowds rushed to the door and demanded their money, but were finally got back by being told that the performance would commence at 9 o'clock. Nine o'clock came, but no performance. Watts was supposed to have engaged the music, but whether he did or not is not known; any way there was no music present, which knocked everything on the head. The performers, what few were engaged, left one by one out of the back-door with their wardrobe. The last one seen making his exit was old Ike Burlingame with his trombone. At half-past nine the crowd, though small, became quite excited, when it was announced that no performance would be given, and that the money would be refunded at the ticket office. Here another bad act occurred. As is always the case, a number of "dead heads" were present. While the tickets were being returned at the door, previous to going to the ticket office a number of these fellows got tickets, went to the office and got their money, and left, thus leaving those on the tail end of the crowd, who had paid their money, minus. In order to make things satisfactory O'Baldwin and Hicks had to resort to their pockets and return money, which was another pile on top of that which they had already lost. O'Baldwin, Hicks and Welsh proved themselves gentlemen on this unfortunate occasion, and did all in their power for the benefit of the audience. They severely censure Watts, and would like to know what has become of the $160, as printers' bills, &c., were numerously presented on Saturday night. Had the business been in smart hands they would have had a jammed house on Saturday night. The boys lost between two and three hundred dollars. ODD STICK.

THE RILEY AND LEVY MATCH—In consequence of the loose manner in which the articles for the match between Butt Riley and Pat Levy were drawn up, as well as to accede to the request of the latter party for an extension of time until about the middle of March, the backers of the men were to have met at Colbert's on the evening of the 11th inst., and attached their autographs to a fresh protocol. They were on hand according to appointment, but now an irreconcileable difference arose in regard to a stakeholder, the Levyites desiring to oust Colbert, and choose somebody else, which Butt and his backers would'nt listen to, seeing no reason why they should after he had been once selected, and so after a stormy debate they separated without accomplishing what they had met for. The third deposit of $50 a side was to have been posted at Jack Leonard's, 125 Mercer street, on the evening of the 13th inst., when it was anticipated that the affair would assume a new phase.

STILL ANOTHER.—If things continue to go on as they have been doing for some time past, dating from the arrival of Ryall, Allen and Morris, the metropolis will soon be flooded with the fancy element of Britain, who evidently—from the success which has attended others who have preceded them—arrived at the conclusion that this is indeed a land flowing with milk and honey. The steamer of the 11th inst. is said to have brought over Tom Kelly, who beat Conner, Lomas, Bill Brown and Jack Rooke, and was vanquished in turn by the latter. The first battle with Rooke was a most palpable "cross," and bets were declared off. In the second, fought two months subsequent, Rooke staked £100 to £50, and polished him off in 53 minutes and 18 rounds. Kelly was born in 1836, and weighs 152lbs in condition. He states that others of the fistic ilk were preparing for a voyage to the New World when he took his departure. Well, let 'em come—there's room for all, and as long as they conduct themselves properly and don't ride too high a horse, they'll be welcome.

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.—Another fiver a side had been posted at last advices, for the match between Joe Goss and Joe Wormald, swelling the amount to £25. A Christmas discussion having arisen about their getting together, all manner of sized rings were mooted at one time, twelve feet being the ultimatum; but eventually, on calling at the stakeholder's, it was decided, mutually, that the performance on the day of fighting should take place in a sixteen feet ring, according to the new rules of the P. R. Wormald had issued a fresh challenge to all to fight in a fortnight, at catch-weight, for £25 a side.

CHEER'S NIGHT.—Wednesday, 15th inst., has been set apart for a complimentary testimonial to that scientific and hard fisted "feather" from the shores of "Merrie England," George Cheer, who has made a good name for himself since his arrival amongst us. The Opera House, 600 Broadway, has been secured for the occasion, and Dick Holliwood is on the posters to wind-up with George. The admission fee is fixed at the popular rates of fifty cents and a dollar.

ROUGH, IF TRUE.—We learn from very good authority that Billy McLean and Patsy Sheppard had a clinch in the City of Brotherly Love on the 10th inst., growing out of the difficulty in regard to tickets alluded to elsewhere in this department. Billy is stated to have assaulted Patsy, and had not friend interfered matters might have resulted more seriously than they did. The affair seems to have engendered much ill-feeling against Mac in this city as well as in Philadelphia.

A CUSTOMER FOR PARKINSON.—As the backers of Billy Parkinson are talking of matching him again, Bob Smith, of the House of Commons, authorizes us to state that he will match George Cheer against Parkinson for the amount due him, and for which Williams, of Pottsville, became responsible, or he will increase the stakes to any amount the backers of Billy may desire. In case they do not accept this proposition, he will feel obliged to Williams if he will "point" without further delay.

MIKE MCCOOLE IN TOWN.—McCoole returned to this city on the 11th instant from Philadelphia, where he had been visiting his friends and looking up a place in which to give an exhibition. He has not yet been able to obtain a suitable hall in this city, but it is thought he will secure one on the east side, and if so, an olio entertainment will be given in a few days.

FEATHER WEIGHT CHALLENGE.—A gentleman writes us to the effect that he has a novice whom he is prepared to match against any man in the country at from 100lbs. to 103lbs. Here is a chance for Cheer. Will he take it?

The Indian Club Exercise. A Book with explanatory figures and positions, photographed from life; also, general remarks on Physical Culture. Illustrated with portraitures of celebrated athletes, exhibiting great muscular development from the Club Exercise. Engraved from photographs, expressly for this work. By Sim. D. Kehoe. Quarto, cloth, $2.50.
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THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN JOCKEY CLUB.—Dr. J. B. Irving, the Secretary of the American Jockey Club, has resigned that position, and Mr. Charles Wheatley, the Secretary of the Saratoga Racing Association, has been appointed in his place. Mr. Wheatley has had long experience in turf matters, and is highly popular with turfmen throughout the country. The Jerome Park Course was laid out and constructed under his superintendance. His appointment is hailed with general satisfaction.

THE DISPUTED QUESTION OF NOMINATIONS.—The unexpected death of the extensive Kentucky breeder of thoroughbred stock, Mr. Robert Aicheson Alexander, has been the cause of considerable discussion and dispute in racing circles. The deceased gentleman was an extensive subscriber to the principal stakes for two and three year olds at Paterson, Saratoga and Jerome Park, having no less than seventeen nominations in the Jersey Derby and St. Leger, as well as numerous entries in the principal stakes at Saratoga and Fordham. A great many of the horses entered on these stakes were sold with their engagements by Mr. Alexander, either at his public sales or by private arrangement. The Rules of Racing declare that the death of the nominator makes void all his nominations, and that in consequence none of the horses entered by him in any of the above stakes, can start. This law is manifestly unjust in its operation on those who have purchased the horses, and who were induced to give large prices for them in consequence of the rich engagements for which they were entered. These parties, therefore, are trying to evade the operation of this rule by appealing to another rule which specifies that "when a horse is sold with his engagements, the seller has not the power of striking the horse out of them," and from this they argue that the interest and control of the nominator ceases when he sells the horse, and becomes vested solely and entirely in the purchaser. This is the first time that this question has ever been brought up for discussion on the American turf, and controversy runs high among racing authorities on the subject. On the English turf the rule is precisely the same, and the custom invariably has been that no horse could start whose nominator was dead. The matter will shortly be brought up for adjudication before the American Jockey Club and the Paterson Association, and their action with respect to their resp. ctive stakes will be governed by the decision arrived at.

THE PATERSON RACE MEETINGS.—We learn that it is the intention of the Passaic County Agricultural Association to hold but one meeting (the Spring meeting in June) at Paterson, this year, and transfer their Fall meeting to Long Branch, at which place it is proposed to hold a summer meeting in August, which is then the height of the fashionable season at that popular seaside resort.

BILLIARDS.

CONTEST BETWEEN McDEVITT AND GOLDTHWAIT.

A REMARKABLE GAME—THE FORMER RUNS 1,483 AND WINS BY 1,387.

The match at caroms, 1,500 points up, for $250 a side, between John McDevitt and William Goldthwait, was played at the Cooper Institute, in this city, on the 8th inst., and eventuated in a decided victory for the player who has so often defeated Goldthwait, the Unlucky. As compared with other public contests of the same nature, it was most remarkable—if for no other reason than because it was uninteresting to a degree that can scarcely be expressed in trite words. We might say that it was no game at all, yet for one of the players it was decidedly a nice game. We might say that it was a very simple affair, yet its very simplicity was a serious matter, inasmuch as it cost somebody two and a half "centuries." We might say, too, that the spectators, who, though they paid their money, had in this case no choice, were very much disappointed and expressed themselves bluntly to that effect. But whatever we might say, nothing could be nearer the truth than the declaration that, although there was a match played, there was, so to speak, no *playing*.

It was a match hastily made and hastily played. It was also a match abruptly terminated. The average, it was thought, would be high, and the time shorter than usual, because a second-sized table was to be used, and Goldthwait was disposed to press matters—in other words, to hit right and left, instead of dilly-dallying with plays for safety. We thought the time would be about three hours, and the average close on to 30. Goldthwait would have went his pile on 25. Most people would not have ventured beyond 20, however. No one had the slightest idea that the balls would be jawed—indeed, everybody but the players supposed that jawing—except that kind which is done late o' nights in billiard rooms—was barred out. But the supposition was proved to be entirely erroneous. Both kinds of jawing was done. McDevitt "jawed" the balls, and Goldthwait jawed because the "jaws" were so small that his opponent had almost as easy a thing of it as he would, had the table instead of being furnished with pockets, been without those appendages, which, ordinarily, are obstructions to a game in which caroms alone are counted, and "safety" disregarded.

It had been announced that the play would begin at half-past seven, and with commendable promptness the players strung for lead and choice of balls at twenty-five minutes to eight. Goldthwait won, and played his ball down the table as a mark for his adversary to shoot at, which he did to some account, though the actual count was but 4. Goldthwait, following, (but not with a "following" shot) made 6, then 3, 48 and 36, showing that his hand had not totally lost its old-time cunning. The lead which he thus obtained was increased rather than diminished in the next four innings, at the end of which he stood at 113. McDevitt had in the meantime been playing as though he could not play at all, his total for his eleven attempts in eight innings being the surprisingly large amount of 17. In his eighth or last innings, Goldthwait, after having made 6, was struck with ill luck. In attempting a short "draw-shot"—one of that kind which perhaps he can make with more certainty than any other living player—he made a semi-miscue, and his ball, lacking force, swerved aside, and passed between two object-balls, instead of hitting either, which it must have done but for the miscue. The two balls referred to were the dark-red and McDevitt's, both on the left hand cushion near the corner, and Goldthwait's ball stopped near the red. With a few pushes, McDevitt drove the red and his opponent's white into the nearest corner, where he laid them crosswise and against the ends of the two cushions. The game was then virtually over, the only question being how long it would take him to run 1,483, which number he lacked. In this position he kept the balls, playing now at the head of the table and next on the left side, then at the head again with the cue in his right hand, and next at the side with the cue held in his left. Thus he went on, without any change whatever, and without cessation, except occasionally to sit down and rest himself. Meanwhile, Braisted's billiard-room, across the street, was receiving accessions from among those who had become tired of looking at nothing, and were satisfied that out of this nothing McDevitt would in a short time come with $500 more in his pocket than he could call his own when the game, which had promised to be interesting, was begun. For the first three or four hundreds there was considerable applause; but as the thing went on, and the marker called out two more at each shot, which was just the same as its predecessor, the cue ball traveling each time over the same ground, until finally its path was clearly defined by a chalk-line, even the tyros began to get tired of the monotony, and asked themselves if the player would not shortly become disgusted with the repetitions and play some other kind of a shot. But there was the sum of $250 a side involved, and when money is at stake, the public, even though they should pay to be interested, have no rights which players are bound to respect. So easy was it to corner the balls, that it was no sure thing that, were McDevitt to become generous after having made 500 or even 1,000, and 'let up," Goldthwait would not emulate his example in all save generosity, and "run out the game out." Consequently, McDevitt concluded to keep in view the axiom, "better bear the ills we have, than fly to others we know not of." Besides, the ill, as it happened, did not afflict him as much as the spectators. He could stand it, while those who could not would certainly not have been willing, any more than he was, to stand the loss of $500, which amount represented the exact difference it would make to him whether he lost or won the game. So he did not "let up," but counted on until he made not only the 1,483, but also 1,500. Then he stopped, although, had he felt disposed to continue on, he might still be at work on the balls in the same corner.

The average of the winner was 166⅔, it will be seen, which is surprisingly small, considering that he ran 1,500, and the game consisted of 1,500 only. Goldthwait, who may always be relied upon to play just about so, there being nothing spasmodic about his play, averaged 14 in the short time he was permitted to handle the balls. The game lasted just one hour and fifty-five minutes, and is by long odds the quickest on record.

The full score is of that brief kind which type-stickers love to get hold of, viz:

McDEVITT—4, 0, 3, 2, 0, 0, 8, 0, 1,487. Total, 1,500.
GOLDTHWAIT—6, 3, 48, 36, 0, 6, 8, 6. Total, 113.

CHESS TOURNAMENT.

The New York Chess Club are holding a tournament under Caissa's banner at their rooms in University Buildings, in Washington Square, and several tough encounters have been witnessed. The games which attract most attention are those between the ex-champion (Stanley) and Capt. McKenzie. Stanley, however, is not up to his former standard, and has twice been defeated by the Captain through his own carelessness. The competitors for the most part are new to the chess world of Gotham, although we recognize the names of a few of the veterans, viz.: Stanley, Perrine and Thompson. Ballantine appears to have been the most diligent and successful player combined, having played seventeen games, of which he has won twelve and lost five. Captain McKenzie shows next best in figures, and Ward follows "hard upon." Who the successful competitors will be in their regular order of one, two, three, is, of course, as yet in obscurity. Ballantine and McKenzie show well, but the veteran Thompson, who has just commenced the campaign, will be found a hard nut to crack, and so will Perrine. Both have made a good beginning. The record at the close of play on Saturday evening, 11th inst., showed that sixty-five games had been played. For individual scores, as to how many each has won and lost, we refer to the appended table:—

	Win.	Lose.		Win.	Lose.
Captain McKenzie....	7	3	Mr. Parker........	4	10
Mr. Ruthven..........	3	1	Mr. B. Lissner......	1	3
Mr. Graves............	6	7	Mr. Dana...........	3	3
Mr. Ballantine.........	12	5	Mr. Ward...........	6	2
Mr. Findley...........	1	3	Mr. Thompson.....	1	0
Mr. Simpson..........	8	6	Dr. Barnett.........	3	3
Mr. M. Lissner.......	1	1	Mr. King...........	2	9
Mr. Stanley...........	1	3		—	—
Mr. Perrine..........	2	0	Total............	65	65
Mr. Picare...........	2	6			

TURNVEREIN EXHIBITION.—The Social Turnvereins, of Winona, Minn., gave their inauguration *soiree dansante*, in connection with a gymnastic entertainment, at Philharmonic Hall, on the evening of the 28th ult., and the affair turned out a thorough success pecuniarily and otherwise. The hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens, intertwining appropriate mottoes indicative of the character and purpose of the association. A grouping of the society upon the stage in the form of a horse shoe introduced the exercises, followed by performances upon the horizontal bar by half a dozen lads, cleverly done. Prof. Moreste, the leader of the society, next appeared and went through some of the most difficult feats performed upon the horizontal bar, principal among the number being the double giant swing, in which complete evolutions of the bar are made with the arms and body fully extended, and while in this position a change of grip upon the bar is made and the body caused, with scarcely a perceptible cessation of motion, to make the circuit of the bar in a contrary direction. This, together with the one-armed scale and the triangle were performed in a masterly manner by the professor. Another feature worthy of especial mention was the representation of historical incidents, by groupings, all of which were arranged with a correct conception of the particular facts it was designed to illustrate. These consisted of the Tower of Babel, Roman Triumphal Chariot, Egyptian Pyramids of the Deserts, Roman Gladiators, three Swiss peasants on the top of Mt. Greudley, Swearing Allegiance, the Soldier's Dream, Grecian Wrestlers, and last, but not least, a classical representation of the Night Camp at Grenada, the picturesqueness of which was very materially increased by the use of the Bengal light. The hall was then cleared, and until the first grey streaks of dawn appeared in the East the goddess Terpsichore held sway over all hearts, and the hours were tripped happily away to the music of Osten's Band.

PEDAL SPORT IN THE KEYSTONE STATE.—An exciting foot race took place at Reading, Pa., for $100 a side, distance one hundred yards, between F. Cleaveland and N. Naif, on the Lancaster Bridge, when, after an exciting finish, Cleaveland won by one foot, in eleven seconds. A good deal of money changed hands on the event. After the above a scrub race came off between G. Shoemaker and E. Kissinger, for $25 a side, Kissinger receiving five yards in one hundred. Shoemaker won by two feet.

DOG DISPUTE IN CLEVELAND.—One of the best contested canine controversies which has ever taken place in the Forest City, came off at a well-known sporting house there on the night of the 4th inst., in the presence of some two hundred persons. After fighting desperately for the space of fifty-seven minutes, both animals being severely "chawed up," it was agreed to draw the stakes. Another match was fixed for the 17th.

DEATH OF A NOTED TURFMAN.—It is with great regret that we chronicle the decease of Thomas Cragin, a prominent member of the turf, formerly of Albany, but who for some time past was the popular proprietor of the Mansion Livery Stables, 7th avenue and 42d street. His sudden and unexpected demise will be regretted by an extensive circle of friends and acquaintances.

A RARA AVIS.—Not long since R. S. Betts, of Red Bluff, Ind., saw on the margin of a pool a very singular bird, which, by a little skillful strategy, he succeeded in capturing. It is regarded as quite a curiosity, being the only one ever seen in this section of the country by any one who has yet examined it. It has been pronounced by one of our citizens, skilled in ornithology, to be a member of the "Rail family" (*Ralus Carolinus*), a kind that occurs in many parts of the United States at particular seasons of the year, and sought by sportsmen for the delicious repast which they afford, and the fine sport of shooting them. The only mystery that remains about this little stranger is, how he chanced to make his appearance here, solitary and alone, where none of his family have ever been seen before.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE COINERS;
OR,
THE BOULD BOY OF KILKENNY.
A New and Original
COMEDY—DRAMA,
In Four Acts,
BY J. HOLMES GROVER.

ACT I.—The Path of Roses and the Abduction.
ACT II.—County Kilkenny and the "Bould Boy."
ACT III.—Discovered—The Flight—The Escape and Capture of the "Bould Boy."
ACT IV.—Brother and Sister—The Coiner's Cave in County Kilkenny—The Surprise—The Capture and the Re-union.
An elapse of 15 years is supposed to have passed between the first and second acts.
This play was produced, for the first time in America, at the ROCHESTER OPERA HOUSE, Wednesday Evening, January 8th, 1868, and met with such decided success, that it was repeated to a most appreciative audience. The following critique is from the Rochester Daily News and Advertiser, known to be one of the most JUST of the Western New York Press:—
"ROCHESTER OPERA HOUSE.—J. HOLMES GROVER.—On Thursday evening was produced for the second time in this city, the new and original comedy-drama, written and dramatized by Mr. J. Holmes Grover, entitled 'The Coiners; or, the Bould Boy of Kilkenny,' Mr. Grover sustaining the very comical role of Teddy Nolan, the Bould Boy of Kilkenny. The drama is one of unusual interest, introducing not only a very exciting gambling scene, but the most descriptive picture of a counterfeiter's cave we ever saw. The piece is short, admitting of a farce upon the evening's programme, and the entire plot one of decided interest and well worthy the pen of any drama-author. The piece has made a decided hit, and the smooth manner with which Mr. Grover introduces the droll sayings, songs and jigs of the bould boy, is very pleasing and highly interesting to the audience."
MANAGERS desiring to produce this NEW DRAMA, for terms and full particulars, will please address
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THE WHITE FAWN.
The undersigned hereby give notice that the Spectacular Fairy Extravaganza of the White Fawn has been copyrighted, and that the mechanical effects and scenery have been patented. Any person using the title or any colorable imitation of the play or its effects, will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
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WITH ANY MAN IN THE U. S.,
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A $200 IN GREENBACKS GIVEN AWAY NIGHTLY. FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE (adjoining the Fifth Avenue Hotel) for a short season, commencing MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 13, 1868. The great original FAKIR OF BRAMAH, THE WORLDS GREATEST WIZARD AND VENTRILOQUIST.—The most successful and popular wonder worker of the present age, in his grand Presentation Festivals.
$200 IN GREENBACKS PRESENTED TO THE AUDIENCE EVERY NIGHT, fairly, impartially and without reserve. LIST OF PRESENTS (in greenbacks)—One 50 Dollar Greenback, four 10 Dollar Greenbacks, six 5 Dollar Greenbacks, fifty 1 Dollar Greenbacks, 60 Half Dollar Stamps, Greenbacks; 121 Presents; amounting to $200.
Admission, 50 cents; Reserved Seats, 75 cents. Doors open at 7 o'clock; performance at 8 o'clock precisely.
Tickets can be secured daily at the box office, from 10 to 2 o'clock. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2½ o'clock, for the accommodation of Schools and Families. Be sure and read bills of the day. 41-1t

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SKATING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

After the storms and the waiting,
And the heavy New Year's lark,
The ball that indicates skating,
Is raised at the Central Park.
'Tis certainly very jolly,
(The ladies would call it *nice*),
And drives away melancholy—
A night on the crystal ice.

You feel like some old viking
Whose fame has been sung to us,
Or, if that is not to your liking,
You feel like a merry cuss!
For the strength of the king has seized you,
And the bracing Winter air
From all trouble has released you,
And "devil a bit" you care.

Your skates are of the neatest,
As well as the costliest style,
And, of course, your girl is the sweetest
That did ever a man beguile.
Her bosom is purest and whitest,
Her eyes are the eyes of the roe,
Her feet, they are fleetest and lightest,
Her legs—well, we'll let them go!

And *go* they do—gyrating
In devices truly queer;
Till you saw your charmer skating
Did you hold her half so dear?
Nay, for though her hand was in yours,
And thrilled you by its touch,
And tho' her heart did win yours,
You hadn't seen so much.

You strap her skates upon her—
Strange thoughts within you rankle;
You're the very soul of honor,
But you feel above her ankle,
Then—fishermen won't believe it—
(*Credulity they lack,*)
Let such as will receive it—
You launch, on ice, a *smack*.

She sighs a soft denial
In tones that seem to say,
If you make a second trial,
You'll have things your own way.
Then dashing, dashing, dashing,
Across the lake you go,
On the steel the moonbeam's flashing,
On your cheeks a healthy glow.

Now gliding, gliding, gliding,
With gentle, pleasant sway,
Like swans on water riding
You move along the way,
Till wild with gay exertion,
The bold policeman scorning,
You make the bold assertion
That you "won't go home till morning."

THE FIVE TRAINED DOGS.

A Story Told by the General Utility Dog.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER I.

NATALIE, THE BEAUTIFUL EQUESTRIENNE.

"Is she very beautiful, Jacques?"

"Beautiful! mon Dieu! Her eyes glitter more brightly than the winter stars of heaven. Her breast is whiter than the crested Alpine snow. Her little lips are as red as the sunny side of a cherry. Her foot would fit Cendrillon's slipper. Her ankle is smaller than my wrist. Her leg eclipses that of Venus. Her skin is softer than satin, and her arm finer than Cleopatra's. Her—"

"Enough, Jacques! But cannot I win her love? I am young, I am rich, I am called good-looking. The lovely Madame Linfelle forgot her husband in my presence; the beautiful Gertrude gave me that which, to a woman, is beyond price, almost without my asking it. Ha! ha! think you that a poor circus girl will resist my efforts? Nay, Jacques, I am not so young in *affaires de amour*. They always yield. There is no virtue amongst them. I will at least try her."

"Monsieur Gardion"—and the valet Jacques spoke solemnly—"Monsieur Gardion, I love you dearer than my own life. You snatched me from a felon's cell—you saved me from the guillotine. Beneath the pure sky of our own sunny France I swore away my soul to you; I made resolve that whatsoever betided I would keep you harmless from the perils of life—that I would warp conscience in your behalf—that if your deeds were evil—"

"Stop, stop," impatiently and almost angrily shouted Gardion. "'Let the dead past bury its dead!' What I have done for you is nothing. I saw a man's heart beneath a prisoner's clothes, and I clutched the heart. But let that pass. Your descriptions of this wonderful girl have served to arouse my passions. I am not easily captivated, but I know your taste, and I know, too, that you were reared in the vine country where pretty peasants do much abound. Is Natalie more beautiful than they?"

"Monsieur, she is more beautiful than the angels whose presence lights the White Throne."

Gardion carelessly fired a perfumed cigarette. When he spoke his voice gave no indication of excitement or uneasiness. He said; "It appears that we must abduct this *equestrienne* charmer."

"If my master doth wish to possess her we assuredly must."

"Wish to possess her! When did I ever gaze unmoved on female loveliness? I guessed the conclusion of your long winded sentence on faithfulness. You wished to say that you risked your chance of happiness that no willing *amour* could be arranged between us. I presume some brainless acrobat has won her heart, and that she prefers his love to a gentleman's favors. But I am not to be baulked in my designs; if the stories be true this girl is indeed worth possessing. Send for Jean Mailine!"

This last sentence was uttered with strong energy. All the rest of the conversation had been carried on, so far as Gardion was concerned, in half languid indifference. Jacques went out, muttering as he went:—"A gentleman's *valet*, ha! and through these hands that lace my master's shoes runs the blood of nobility—of the proudest family that stood by the throne of Louis Philippe. Oh, Bonaparte! would to God that Orsini's shell had split your steel carriage,* and had broken your iron heart as well. Dragged to the Bastile, thrown amongst the vilest criminals, condemned without trial; Robespierre and Dalton scarce did an injustice like this! And *he* came to me then—he whose family had been lifted on the wave of the *coup d'etat*, he Gardion, and gained me liberty. 'Twere no unlucky thing that they had blunderingly thrown me into the peasant's cell. Methinks, had he known that Jacques was a marquis, he had let him perish. *Dieu!* I have played my part well. 'Tis fifteen years now! I have followed him like a dog, yet truly he has been kind to me. Enemy though he was to my dear dead king, master though he is to me, I love him. But it seems strange to think that I have so faithfully assumed this character, repulsive as it is to my nature. Ah! it was for thy sake, Adele, my sister, I left thee a three years child. I shall find thee, if I find thee at all, a grown woman. Gardion travels the highways and by-ways of the earth. With him I can search unobserved, but the fire of hope is fast dying in my heart, and the face of despair gleams hideously through its expiring embers!" While Jacques thus soliloquized, he had been walking moodily through the deserted streets of the great city of N——. As he turned corner after corner, he gradually descended into the lower quarters of the town; the quarters where vice stalks uncloaked, and virtue—if any there be—hides its head abashed.

Where Irish, Dutch, Italians, French and negroes were hustled and crowded and packed together in a monstrous, dangerous rickety house, dwelt, in a little room on the top floor, Jean Mailine, a low-browed, blood-thirsty French villain, whom Mons. Gardion designed to employ in the work of abducting Natalie, the beautiful *equestrienne*. To him Jacques spoke meaning words in a low tone. The wretch merely muttered *oui*, grinned like the half demon, half monkey that he was, took his ragged cloak from the bed, and with a hang-dog expression followed the valet through the same tangled course and back to the presence of Gardion, who, at a rap, bade his servant enter, and was discovered contentedly sipping a glass of fine Amontillado. Some moments elapsed before he spoke; when he did so, he said, in even tones:

"Do you know Natalie the *equestrienne* at the circus?"

"I do, Monsieur," answered Jean.

"I shall be at my country house at one o'clock to-night; at that hour I shall expect to find her there. Do you comprehend my meaning, Jean?"

"I do, monsieur," again responded that worthy.

"Employ such force as you require. Bring her to me uninjured. If you fail, your treacherous neck shall pay the price. Here is money!"

The rich libertine flung a purse upon the floor.

As the villain stooped to pick it up, his small unintelligent eyes glittered like those of some deadly snake.

"Now begone!" spoke Gardion, impatiently, and bowing uncouthly, Jean retired, while the *gentleman* proceeded to discuss further, with himself, the merits of Amontillado, and occasionally to chuckle complacently as though in anticipation of some pleasant thing.

CHAPTER II.

A LEARNED DOG'S NARRATIVE.

I am a learned dog. I have a story to tell, and as I only speak in dog Latin I have been forced to engage the services of a person who pretends to understand our language. I am sorry to say that I do not think much of his acquirements in that line. If the reader discovers any mistakes he will please to attribute them to the translator. If any beauties there are, they properly belong to me. I permitted my editor to write the foregoing chapter without consultation. He has read it to me. It answers for a prologue, but its style is not what an educated dog would call classical.

I am one of a family of five. I say "family," but you must receive that term with some allowance. We five are not related by blood, but being brought together when mere puppies, trained and educated together, and being in the profession, we call ourselves a "Family." Fido, the star of our troupe, is a truly wonderful animal. He has been the recipient of many honors and much applause, and has traveled extensively on both hemispheres. I am not envious—none of our profession are—but I do say that if I had been taken in hand at the right age and had received the same advantages, I should have been his equal if not his superior. But I am of very humble origin, my first kennel being in the lowest regions of New York, and my first master a drunken beggar, who turned my wits to account in gaining for himself whiskey and bread. When I got so that I could walk on my hind legs and pick out cards from a pack, and do some few other tricks, my master was enabled to earn a large income—that is for a vagabond. But long before that time I had received so many blows on the head that I think my brain was weakened. The more I did the more cruel the wretch became, and finally I resolved to run away. But I had learned one thing during the sad days of my puppyhood—I had learned dog-French—a very useful matter it subsequently proved to be, as you will hereafter discover. After various adventures—a brief account of which would fill a volume—I eventually became a member of the Family to which I am now attached. My first interview with Fido was not pleasant.

"What can you do?" he asked, critically surveying my shaggy coat and the tip of my tail—which was not nearly so bushy as his.

"I can walk on my fore-paws," I answered somewhat proudly.

"Bow-wow," responded Fido in utter contempt.

"Can you jump upon a chair while standing on your hind legs; then jump from that to another, and then to the floor, without losing your balance? Ha! ha! my fine poodle, can you do that?"

I rolled up my eyes in astonishment, and acknowledged not only my inability to perform the feat, but my ignorance of having seen it done.

Fido laughed again.

"Can you ride horseback?"

The thing had never occurred to me. I told him so.

"But *I* can," he responded proudly. "I own a horse myself!" Then he added in a rapid manner, "I can climb a ladder backwards—can jump over six chairs—can go through a fiery hoop—am the best dead dog in the country—can dance fourteen acts, and can hop on one leg!"

I was overwhelmed at these accomplishments. Fido enjoyed his triumph for a moment, and then inquired in a patronizing tone: "But really, my dear fellow, is there anything that *you* can do?"

After this experience I dared not speak of physical accomplishments. So I humbly remarked that I could talk dog-French.

Forthwith the arrogant manner of Fido changed to one of deep interest. He came gently forward and rubbed his nose—and a nice little cold nose it was, too—against my own. From that moment we were friends, for it seems he much desired a tutor in French, and his engagements were so numerous and his quarters so confined, that he had not been able to find one. I readily consented to instruct him. When the minor members of the family found that I had been received, as it were, under special patronage of Fido, they treated me with due consideration, for—jealousy aside—all feared and respected the dog-star. Thus it was that I came to join the family. As I have candidly stated, I am merely "General Utility." True it is that I do most of the tricks, but I do them awkwardly, and am only put on when necessity requires. Our trainer was an exceedingly harsh and cruel man. He put out one of Fido's eyes, long ago, by striking him with a whip while in a fit of anger. At the time of which I bark, we were connected with a circus, and were performing at the town of N. Master's roughness was as great as ever. In fact I do not believe we could have borne it had it not been for the exceeding gentleness and kindness of the beautiful *equestrienne* woman Natalie. She came often to our kennel, patted us on our shaggy heads, and called us by name. Ah! and when poor Billy died (his place was afterwards filled by Spot), she took him gently in her arms during his last sickness, and looked so kindly into his patient face, that I half envied him. And when he rolled up his round eyes to her in the last agony, her own filled with tears, and while the poor sufferer sought to express his gratitude by raising his paw, the paw fell limp and cold by his side—and Billy's last performance was over.

"Well, as I was saying, we all loved Natalie very much. But for all that old Pierre, our master, was scarcely endurable. One day he called me into the ring just after I had awakened from a sound sleep. The cards were laid around in their usual places for my trick. He told me to pick out the seven of diamonds. I was bewildered, and blundered, bringing him the ten of diamonds instead. He rapped me a blow across the head, which, when I think of it, makes me angry to this day. Blinded with rage and pain I leaped madly from the ring and entered the dressing-room. Finding an opening in the canvas I nimbly jumped under it and so escaped into the street. Pierre supposed that I had gone to my kennel, hence did not pursue me. I wandered about for a long while, in utter despondency, thinking on my hard fate and wondering to myself if talent was ever so poorly appreciated. This is a common matter of wonder to dogs in my profession when they are out of employment. While thus trotting along my attention was attracted by a pitiful looking dog who was bewailing his fate in dog French. On nearer approach I found that he was very old and that he was totally blind. We ran along together, my old companion following and I leading. Finally we came to a little common, and sitting down began to talk. I found my old friend exceedingly garrulous. He had a romantic story to tell (which I did not believe), about having been born in France and living in the family of a nobleman, who lost his estate when the last empire was overthrown. He gave an improbable account of how elegant his quarters were in those prosperous days, and so gossiped on till I was tired of hearing him. His master was the kindest—his master's sister, a child of three, was the prettiest, and everything with which he was connected was the best imaginable. I interrupted him by asking where his kind master was now and what he was doing.

He avoided my question by asking something of my own life, in reply to which I gave him a brief sketch of my career. When he heard of my present engagement he rose up suddenly and asked:—

"Is there a young lady connected with your circus—an *equestrienne*—called Natalie?"

"Yes!" I barked excitedly, much wondering how the blind stranger discovered this.

"Is she very beautiful?"

"So beautiful that you might well wish for your sight for one moment to gaze upon her," I answered, enthusiastically.

"Wow!" muttered the aged canine. "Well, to-night my master's master proposes to abduct her!"

I felt my tail fall between my legs. Here was a man about to abduct my beautiful friend, perhaps betray and kill her. And I was powerless. The ignorant policeman did not understand the simplest sentence of dog-Latin. If I returned to the circus I should be kenneled and whipped. And here was a great danger which *must* be met, and by me—General Utility. I bowed my head and pondered. When I raised it my blind friend had fled—whither I knew not. But I had made my resolve. I would station myself that night near the dressing room of the circus, I would watch Natalie as she came out, and if any attempt was made to seize her, I would give my stage bark and jump at the villain's throat. It would be a desperate deed—one which would almost certainly involve my death; but what was my life to hers? I would yield it as a willing sacrifice. Night came. The performance was drawing to a close. A young man, an acrobat, who always accompanied Natalie home, was in the ring. Word was sent that some one wished to see her at the side door—important business. All this I saw and heard from my perch of observation. Now was my time. Courage, weak heart!

"Erect your tail, display your sharpest tooth,"

I said, quoting from the dog poet.

As I crept forward, to get in good position, the old blind dog that I had met in the forenoon stumbled in front of me, and for a moment delayed my progress. I was about to jump over him and (through force of habit) had risen on my hind legs for that purpose when suddenly Leo—that was the old chap's name—darted forward, and, using his paw for a cane, entered the actor's door of the circus. I heard a wild and joyful shriek, and a moment later the man who stood without, evidently impatient at the delay, passed through the aperture. I caught a single glimpse of him. He was a fine-looking person, and, judging from appearances, would have made an unobjectionable master. But close behind him hung a murderous-looking fellow, with an expression of countenance which *I*, for one, should not like to possess. As I came forward to get a nearer view of his features he attempted to kick me, but by the double-leap (in which I excel) I managed to escape him.

Fifteen minutes passed. The wretch grew wildly impatient. Twenty minutes the show was over, the audience had dispersed. One after another the performers came, but Natalie did not come nor did the fine looking man. Finally the cove who wanted to kick me concluded that further waiting was useless, and withdrew. Running over with curiosity I resolved to dare Master Pierre's whip, so, sneaking into the dressing-room, I made a single bound for the kennel and reached it unscathed. Then Fido after welcoming me kindly and inquiring the cause of my absence told me briefly the *denouement*, which you have already guessed. Leo's master was Jacques. Natalie was the long lost Adele. She recognized the old blind dog after all the years of absence, for he and her brother had haunted her waking and dreaming hours through all the time since in her family's troubles. Some wretch had stolen her and trained her for the circus ring. Through Leo they—brother and sister—had been able to make their identity known to each other. They had escaped the villain at the door by passing through the auditorium. The acrobat went with them. We saw no more of Natalie.

Three months later one afternoon I heard a familiar bark outside the canvas nearest to our kennel. I recognized the voice of Leo. He barked these words:—

"Natalie is Adele; she is my mistress. She has married the acrobat. Louis Napoleon has returned the estates of my master. We are going to France. *Vive l'Empereur!*"

I gave three bow-wow-wows and a tiger. When I told the circumstances to my companions great was the rejoicing amongst the Five Trained Dogs.

So ends my story.

* When the celebrated attack by Orsini on Louis Napoleon was made, the emperor was seated in a *steel carriage*, directly beneath which the shell was thrown. It exploded, killing the horses, but failed to penetrate the tough base of the royal vehicle, and so the life of the man of destiny was saved.

Dress of Actresses.

Miss Olive Logan, in writing of "American and Foreign Theatres," says:—"The dress of an American actress is more luxurious than any one who has not seen it would believe; as far above that of English actresses as a pound is above a dollar; so extravagant, indeed, that in spite of the large salaries given, actresses are almost invariably required to do so much in the way of toilet that it is no unusual thing for them to be largely in debt at the box office, the yearly benefit only sets them 'square' again with the world, leaving them in the unpleasant predicament of having worked hard the whole season for nothing but a livelihood. Nor can they ever be said to reach that point where what is technically known as a "wardrobe" has been purchased, and will now serve them the rest of their days. The American actress must vary her dress with every varying fashion. Modern comedies require modern toilets, and that these are expensive every married man can testify. It is related of Miss Madeline Henriques, the last leading lady of Wallack's, that she said her salary was not much more than sufficient to keep her in boots and gloves. Her father being a successful merchant, and her benefit receipts being always enormous, enabled her to hold the position with *eclat*. This extravagant system of stage toilet was 'inaugurated' by a leading actress known to every visitor of New York theatres during the past ten years—Mrs. John Hoey, a fortunate lady, who made one of those splendid matrimonial *partis* which actresses are reported to be in the habit of making so frequently. This lady, whose husband unselfishly permitted her to remain on the stage because she was fond of it, had a merchant princely income at her disposal, and spent it in a regally artistic manner of habiting herself. Lady Teazle, who would 'rather be out of the world than out of the fashion'—was less elegantly attired than her American impersonator. Julia, in the 'Hunchback,' was going to have 'not brooches, rings, and ear-rings only, but whole necklaces and stomachers of gems.' Mrs. Hoey, who played the part, had all these. Julia says, 'then will I show you lace a foot deep—can purchase it?' Mrs. Hoey had purchased it long ago. Nor has this extravagant system gone out with the long retirement of Mrs. Hoey. It is true other actresses cannot boast of such diamonds and laces as hers; but for silks, velvets, satins, moires, and the countless paraphernalia of a fashionable woman's toilet, those who succeed her dare not be far behind. An item copied from Paris papers informs us that Adelina Patti recently wore a dress that cost 2,000 francs. I do not know why American newspapers should copy this as an extraordinary bit of information, for it was a frequent thing to see Mrs. Hoey on the stage with a dress which cost twice that amount; and even now it is quite a common matter for actresses to wear dresses which cost $200 and even $300."

WHY is an alarm of fire in the night like a clothes brush? It spoils the nap.

THE LIVING DEATH.

A TALE OF EVERYDAY MARTYRDOM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. WOODRUFF LEWIS.
Author of "The Skeleton Hand," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAWYER AND HIS STORY.

It is later at night.

Martha Clayton has retired to her little attic chamber, and there she sits shivering in the darkness, striving to force back the tears from her eyes, and that great misery from her heart. She is thinking of Alfred Cloud, the young stranger who kindly came and told her of the falsity of her lover, and conducted her recently to the house of his enchantress, so that she could see her guilt for herself. She holds in her hand the fifty dollars he has forced upon her, as relief for herself and parents till a brighter hour shall dawn upon them. She scans all his words and actions, but is compelled to decide that he has acted nobly—disinterestedly—and in a manner to arouse her gratitude and friendship.

"As to love," she moans, in vain striving to control her emotions, as she throws herself upon her couch, "I'll never speak of it again—never! If *he* can so deceive me, it would be madness for me to suppose that there is such a thing as truth in the hearts of men!"

She covers herself up in the clothes, and lies wakefully there, sobbing and thinking—her mind looking regretfully at the past, suspiciously at the future. Much has she suffered from all the afflictions of her humble lot, but she feels that, in reality, the first great sorrow of her life has come.

God help thee, poor girl!

It was still later.

Martha had fallen into a doze—had become almost oblivious to her troubles when she was awakened by a sharp crack upon the roof as of a footstep. It was repeated by another and still others, most assuredly the cautious steps of a man. They advanced across the roof, as if proceeding from the adjoining house, and came to a halt close to the window, so that the listening and watchful girl could see a shadow falling upon a portion of the panes and darkening them all.

"Who's there?" she cried. With a thought of Nameless and of the Earl, as she half arose in her bed.

There was no reply, but the shadow darkened on the window, and the figure of a man was soon clearly seen.

It is a wonder that Martha did not set up a scream, considering the lonliness of the hour, the singularity of the sight she beheld, and the possible danger there was to be apprehended from such an unusual visitation. But she was a girl of strong nerve, besides having a foreboding that the appearance of the intruder was in some way bound up with the sorrows of her fate—and so she kept silent and quiet.

The intruder commenced fumbling at the window and soon had it raised. He then peered into the room.

"Hist! hist!" he said, in a low voice, suddenly catching a glimpse of Martha.

"What do you want, sir?"

"May I enter?"

"No, no, sir. Go right away this minute or I'll call to my father!"

"Don't—don't, I beg of you. Listen to my explanation first. And I beg of you to re-consider your declaration of non-admittance. It's mighty cold out there. This was evident by the way his teeth chattered, and I am letting mountains of cold into your room. I beg you to be indulgent—generous—more confiding than any woman ever heard of, either in ancient or modern times—namely, to allow me to just creep into the window and close it. I swear to you, on the honor of a gentleman, that I will not advance a foot beyond it, nor move till your permission is given." "Go away instantly! I do not know who or what you are—nor how you came up on the roof." "Ah! how? That's the secret, one entitling me to your sympathies. I beg your permission to just enter the room till I tell you all—a strange adventure, you may be assured."

The curiosity of Martha was aroused. Besides, the frank honesty of the unknown's tone won upon her confidence, no less than his gentle and respectful manner.

"Well," she said, after a thoughtful pause, "come in—no further than you said, or—"

The stranger was soon within the room, and the window closed. For a moment his teeth chattered so that he could not explain, but he at last said:—

"Don't think me a robber, fair lady. I am only an unfortunate limb of the law, and not a law-breaker. Ugh! I have had a freezing time of it! I've been half around the block on the roofs—all the way from a house in Macdougal street. Listen, and I'll tell you all about it."

It was an exciting narrative that this man, so strangely introduced to Martha Clayton, had to tell. He was an English lawyer, lately arrived from England, to ferret out and expose a reputed Lord Glenston. Finding his lordship at the Astor House, he had made an arrangement with him to keep the great secret involved for $10,000. The money was to be paid at a certain house at seven o'clock that evening. The lawyer had gone there—found a beautiful woman who made excuses for the delay of the principal, incidentally giving him a glass of wine—*drugged* wine, so that he was soon insensible. He had then been carried down cellar, and deposited there for an hour or two, when it was proposed to kill him. He knew all this from the fact that he had not been so thoroughly drugged as his lordship and the woman supposed—because he had returned to consciousness just in time, and hid himself behind some barrels. Thereafter he had had the good fortune to steal up the stairs just after they came down, and while they were wondering at his disappearance—up the stairs, up till he reached the roof, and then he had set out in search of a place where he could descend, finally arriving at the last house convenient to pass over, for which reason he had taken the liberty of calling.

"And now," said he, in conclusion, "if you will tell me how to make my way down through your house to the street door, and permit me to reach *terra firma* in that manner, you will do me the greatest favor in the world."

"What is the number of the house in Macdougal street where this attempt upon your life was made?"

He told her.

"Describe the man further, and especially the woman."

This was soon done.

"The same parties," then said Martha. "I see—I see! But if such is the woman's character, may not there have been something villainous brought to bear against Edgar? I half suspect—But, by the way, what is the secret for which the Earl was to pay you so much money?"

"Why, that he is not the real Earl, but an impostor. I beg you not to suppose that I should have connived with quiet to perpetrate such a great wrong—I merely wished him to furnish me money enough to fairly bring the case into the courts. That would be doing the fair thing—the rogue furnishing the rope for his own hanging!"

"And you know who the real Earl is?" asked Martha.

"Yes; I was the lawyer whom the old man, the first bogus Earl, employed in making his legal dying confession. I know all the facts. The real Earl is now living in this city as a carpenter, under the name of Edward Clayton."

"What!"

He repeated the statement. To another startling cry, he repeated it the second time. Then Martha told him, in a strangely excited voice, how to find the way down stairs and begged him to descend instantly to the basement and see her father.

"No, no, not unless you explain,' he said, fearing that his advent in that quarter would be looked upon with suspicion.

"Well, I *will* explain," replied Martha. "We'll all explain together!"

They did so.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCLUSION.

Arriving at the house of Miss Singleton in a terrible excitement, Alfred Cloud found that lady quietly tending the poet, who was quite sick—so much indisposed that Miss Carrie would not allow her late associate to enter his presence. With the quick eye of a woman of the world, she had realized that the nervous manner and excited breathing of Cloud indicated an evil change of some kind in his fortune, and, like a woman of the world, she resolved not to have any share in the same—accordingly meeting him in the entry with a cold stare of surprise, and saying:—

"Why, Alfred! is it you? How you startled me with such a pull at the bell!"

"Quick! The police are after me! Not a moment is to be lost! All is discovered, and the true Earl of Glenston and a murder will soon hive me if I do not leave the city. Quick! All the money and jewelry you have, and send Lottie for a carriage! We must drive off into the country by way of Jersey City."

"*We?* You don't suppose *I* am going to be routed out of house and home in any such manner? If you are compelled to flee from the city, go! There's ten dollars! I shall not rob myself of the few hundreds and the jewels I have on any one's account—no, sir!"

The excited and incensed young man struck down her extended hand, the money falling to the floor.

"Demoness!" he cried. "Is this your love—this the manner in which I am to be deserted now?"

"It seems so," she coolly said.

He raised her savagely by the arm, placing his hand upon a concealed weapon.

"Try it!" she tauntingly exclaimed, comprehending the act. "Raise your hand against me again, and I'll summon the police and give you in charge. Nay, by heaven! Since you wish it, I will call them now!"

She made a hasty movement towards the door. He detained her beseechingly, his self-possession all gone, as he picked up the ten dollar bill from the floor.

"Some other time," he said, grating his teeth. "You will not triumph thus in your selfish heartlessness. We shall meet again!"

He hurled her from him, not daring to attempt her life, for he knew that she was armed with dangerous weapons. He hastily left the house and she saw him no more.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Clayton soon explained his presence in the room where the murder had been committed, and was allowed to go home, under promise to appear whenever wanted in the case. He arrived at his house just in time to greet his daughter and the young lawyer as they came down stairs together in the manner we have described.

All was soon explained.

* * * * * * *

Martha Clayton learned that the poet had not been guilty towards her—he himself writing her, in explanation of his absence, that he had been suddenly taken ill at the house of a friend. He was kept ill so long there by Miss Singleton's potions—she desiring to detain him, and having taken a strong liking to him—that Edward Seaton, the young English lawyer, completely won Martha Clayton away from the feelings of affection she had borne him, though she still remained his sincere friend.

We need not describe how Mr. Clayton went back to England, and was restored to the wealth and honors properly belonging to him; how his wife became well and happy: how Martha and the young lawyer, after a year or two of happy acquaintance, were married; how Miss Singleton passed from one lover to another; and how the poor poet's light finally went out in the gloom towards which he had been gradually tending. It is enough to say that Mr. Clayton, like his friends, having fought against his *living death*, finally arrived at a *true* existence, while those who had embraced a false and sinful life eventually arrived at its sad result. The moral is with the reader.

THE END.

NAUGHTY DOINGS EVERYWHERE.

A CHICAGO SCANDAL.

A NEW PHASE IN THE CELEBRATED QUIMBY DIVORCE CASE—STARTLING EXPOSE—A DAINTY MORSEL FOR SCANDAL-MONGERS.

From the Chicago Republican, Jan. 7.

The world of morality has been startled by the very novel and immoral *expose* of domestic life behind the curtain, in the Quimby divorce case, which was set for trial in a few days, but which, owing to certain peculiar and devastating developments made early this morning, is likely to die in its infancy. The palates of the scandal-mongers and the gossiping fraternity have been treated to a rare morsel by the strange family history presented in this case, and all Chicago has been alive to the subject. Breakfast table *tete-a-tetes* have been about divorce cases, and dinner and tea have been seasoned by scraps from the Quimby case. A startling *coup d'etat*, then, is this, the full particulars of which are related below. Those who retain recollection of the celebrated Groendyke case, must, in the wonderful—though not very wonderful—termination of this one, perceive the similarity of incident and effect.

As a few are not aware, a bill pleading for divorce was not long since filed by Mrs. Quimby. The allegations set forth were of a nature which paled every like sensation of previous days, and found ready speculation and comment among the prurient. It will not be forgotten, also, that one Dr. Fuller was dragged into this exposition of social corruption by Mr. Quimby in his denial of the charges preferred against him by his wife. It was alleged by Mr. Quimby that this disciple of Esculapius had been unwarrantably familiar with his wife. Thus were the lances of both parties poised before the exceedingly rich development of the "wee sma' hours" of this morning. But to the tale. It became known to the police, among the many other things which they knew concerning the scandal, that Mrs. Quimby held forth at the Tremont House. Strategy, under circumstances where opportunity is offered for brilliant success, is a good thing, and it was strategy that accomplished the end in this instance. Detective Elliott was yesterday armed with a State warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Quimby and Dr. Fuller. The grand *finale* brought about through the instrumentality of the officer and the document explains the why and the wherefore of the linking of these names.

As the hours of morning drew near preparations for the attack were made, and at about half-past 12 o'clock the plan was fully consummated. The room occupied by Mrs. Quimby was No. 106. Thereto Detective Elliott, accompanied by another officer, proceeded. The light in the apartment was turned low. Only over the transom and through the key-hole of the door did a few faint rays venture. The officer turned the knob of the door and found that it was locked. An ominous rustling of muslin was heard from the interior and the decisive moment arrived. The door was forcibly opened. A scene which will not bear description was presented. The *doux yeux* of the female were suddenly changed to scowls of terror, and the partially clad physician was bewildered. But it was not a dream to them. The reality was too vivid to admit of hope that it might be a dream, and the command from the officer to get ready for Armorial privileges strengthened the fact that it was not. In order to prevent any rash act on the part of Mrs. Quimby, a servant girl was sent for to remain with her while she adjusted her toilet. All was soon in readiness, and the ardent couple were taken to the Armory, where they remained all night, unable to procure release.

Dr. Fuller is now under bail of $10,000 or thereabouts, which was required for his appearance at the trial of the Quimby case immediately upon the filing of Mrs. Quimby's denial. What revolution the little episode above related may work in this truly novel case remains to be seen, but certes the coloring will be materially changed and the tables turned.

A REMARKABLE DIVORCE CASE—THE CONSEQUENCES OF HASTY LITIGATION.

SUPREME COURT AT NEW YORK—*Chambers*—Before Judge Cardoza.—Samuell H. Cornell *vs.* Emma Cornell. This was an action instituted for divorce, on the ground of the alleged adultery of the defendant. The suit was commenced on the 28th of August, 1867, by service of summons only. On the 31st of August, defendant, by her attorney, R. M. Harrington, demanded a copy of the complaint, and on the 23d of September the complaint was served. A motion was subsequently made to strike out certain portions of the complaint on the ground of irrelevancy, and a decision on that motion was made on the 23d of October.

In the meantime an order had been obtained extending the defendant's time to answer the complaint until after the decision of the motion to strike out. On the 14th of November, the day on which the order last mentioned expired, the defendant's attorney sent his clerk to the office of the plaintiff's attorney to obtain a further extension of five days to answer. A man named J. B. Freeman, whom the clerk supposed was a partner of Mr. A. Rentwell, the plaintiff's attorney, was at the time in the office, and upon the clerk making known the nature of his business, the obliging Mr. Freeman signed the consent extending the time. On the 19th of November the answer was served on plaintiff's attorney, and on the 21st it was returned with the information that it was not served in time and could not be received. On the 22d of November, the defendant's attorney was informed by the plaintiff's attorney that a decree of divorce in favor of the plaintiff had been obtained, and upon examination of the record the defendant's attorney discovered that the plaintiff's attorney had applied to Judge Ingraham, on the 15th of November, for an order of reference, and had obtained it. This was on the day after the consent had been signed by Freeman. It was also found that on the 16th of November the plaintiff, with his attorney, had appeared before the referee; that proof was taken, and the plaintiff's case closed, and the referee's report obtained, and that on the 19th of November the plaintiff had the report confirmed by the Court and a decree of divorce granted. All these proceedings were had without any notice whatever to the defendant. Yesterday the case came before the Court on a motion to set aside the decree and open the default, on the ground of the irregularities mentioned. It appeared upon the motion that on the 25th of November, six days after the report was confirmed, the plaintiff, Mr. Cornell, married a woman named Josephine Briggs.

Mr. Rentwell, the plaintiff's attorney, read several affidavits setting forth a variety of facts, among others that Mr. Freeman was in no way authorized to sign the consent, and was merely a client and friend of the plaintiff's attorney; but the irregularities complained of were uncontradicted. A gentleman who appeared with plaintiff's attorney submitted to the Court that the irregularities were of the most flagrant nature, and rose to ask the Court that in the event of the judgment being opened the plaintiff be protected so that no counter charges of adultery might be made by defendant against the plaintiff based upon his intercourse with his new wife, late Josephine Briggs, since his marriage with that lady.

The defendant's counsel replied that there was no need for apprehension on that point, as the answer, as it already stood, and as it had been rejected by plaintiff's attorney, charged the plaintiff with adultery with Josephine Briggs prior to the commencement of the suit, and that they expected to show that plaintiff had taken Miss Briggs to Long Branch and lived with her there.

The Court declined to consider the question of Freeman's authority to sign the consent, and stated that the Court could not, in a case where the plaintiff had availed himself of such irregularities, interfere to protect him from their consequences, and accordingly opened the case.

OUTRAGE ON A LITTLE GIRL.—A scoundrel, named Charles J. Haskell, undertook to perpetrate an outrage on a little girl eight years old, in South Worcester, recently, but was deterred from the complete accomplishment of his purpose by the appearance of a negro, who was attracted by hearing the child cry, "Don't kill me!" He had choked her by thrusting his finger down her throat and striking her, besides inflicting other serious injuries. The negro, whose arrival on the scene proved most opportune, and who is recently from the South, said: "De debbil inside of me tole me to kill de man, but I wasn't sure dat a colored man had any rights afore de law, and I war 'fraid de law wouldn't bore me out." The wretch was arrested after a desperate resistance.

SHOT HER BETRAYER.—Miss Cynthia Chase, of Waukesha, Wis., shot and mortally wounded a Dr. Youmans, in Milwaukee, on December 31, for having betrayed and deserted her.

Tim Niggins After His Honeymoon.

Seems to me things have changed somewhat! Seems to me so—bust me up if I don't! I've been married near six months now, and the fact is, Susan showed the least bit more temper than I thought she had; in fact, to speak the right down truth, she's knocked things about generally for the last two months. She's slung the cat through the window by the tail and would have thrown me out by the—by the heels if I hadn't walked out in a fast run. She's got cross as four sticks and says she'll use half dozen sticks on my back if I don't quit smoking in the house. And she threatened to throw the boot-jack down my throat last night because I spit in the fire. If she'd done that, I suppose I'd have had the colic or boot-jack cramp.

"Timothy P. Niggins," says I to myself, says I, "you've gone and done it, and you have got to put up with the consequences, you have, come what will; you can't git out of it, you can't."

A girl loses her beauty mighty quick after she gets to be a Mrs. Susan Sunflower was as pretty as a venus, but jest as soon as I married her, her skin turned yellow, her eyes lost their beauty, her hair got thin, and she got to be just the shape of an ale cask; she has by jingo! And oh! what a temper she has got! Never knowed her mad before I married her; never knowed her to offer to throw the stove or a chair down anybody's throat; no, never until she was Mrs. Niggins! Aunt says she'll come all right after awhile; but I don't see why she can't be all right now, I don't. If she don't improve soon, the Lord help me!

"Jist you spit in that fire again," says she to me yesterday; "jist do it agin, and I'll throw this stick of wood down your throat! What did I marry you for? To run around after you and make up the fire after you spit it out? You tormenting beast! Did I marry you to slave and work for you while you smoke and chaw and chaw and smoke, and spit in the fire? There's them chickens I had to feed, too; and there's Ben Dyke's hog got in the garden and dug up my seed beets, and you never saw it; there's that blamed old rooster scratched up my onion bed and you never saw it! And you never see nothing you ought to see, and see everything you ough'nt to see! There's Ann Buster who was over here yesterday! I saw you wink at her! I saw you, Tim Niggins! Don't say you didn't; I saw you—I saw you!"

AN IRISHMAN'S WILL.—In the name of God, Amen! I, Timothy Doolan, of Ballydownderry, in the county of Clare, farmer, being sick and wake in my legs, but of sound head and warm heart—glory be to God!—do make this, me first and last will, and ould and new testament; and first, I give me soul to God when it plazes him to take it, shure no thanks to me, for I can't help it thin, and my body to be buried in the ground in Ballydownderry Chapel, where all my kith and kin that have gone before me and those that live afther me, belonging to me are buried. Pace to their ashes and may the sod rest lightly on their bones. Bury me near me godfather, Felix O'Flaherty, betwuxt and betune him and me father and mother who lie separated all together, at the other side of the chapel-yard. I lave the bit of ground, containing 10 acres—rale old Irish acres—to me eldest son Tim, after the death of his mother, if she survives him. My daughter Mary and her husband, Paddy O'Regan, are to get the white sow that's going to have twelve black bonifs. Tady, me second boy, that was killed in the war in Amerikay, might have got his pick of the powltry, but as he is gone, I'll lave them to his wife who died a wake afore him. I bequeath to all mankind the fresh air of Heaven, a'l the fishes of the sea they can take, and all the birds of the air they can shoot. I lave to them all the sun and moon and sthars. I lave to Peter Rafferty a pint of potheen I can't finish, and may God be merciful to him.

Shakespeare's Greatest Historical Plays.

The drama of King Henry IV, taking the two parts as artistically one, is deservedly ranked among the very highest of Shakespeare's achievements. The characterization, whether for quantity, or quality, or variety, or again, whether regarded in the individual development or in the dramatic combination, is above all praise. And yet, large and free as is the scope here given to invention, the parts are all strictly subordinated to the idea of the whole as an historical drama; insomuch that even Falstaff, richly ideal as is the character, everywhere helps on the history, a whole century of old English wit and sense and humor being crowded together and compacted in him. And one is surprised withal, upon reflection, to see how many scraps and odd minutes of intelligence are here to be met with. The Poet seems indeed to have been almost everywhere, and brought away some tincture or relish of the place, as though his body were set full of eyes, and every eye took in matter of thought and memory; here we have the smell of eggs and butter, there we turn up a fragment of old John of Gaunt; elsewhere we chance upon a pot of Tewksbury mustard; again we hit a bit of popular superstition, how Earl Douglas "runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular;" on the march with Falstaff we contemplate "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace;" at Clement's Inn we hear "the chimes at midnight;" at master Shallow's we "eat a last year's pippin off my own graffin, with a dish of carroways and so forth;" now we are amidst the poetries of chivalry and the felicitie of victory; now amidst the obscure sufferings of war, where its inexorable iron hand enters the widow's cottage and snatches away the land's humblest comforts. And so we might go on indefinitely, the particulars of this kind being so numerous as might well distract the mind, and yet so skillfully composed that the number seems not large, till by a special effort of thought one goes to view them severally. And these particulars, though so unnoticed, or so little noticed in the detail, are nevertheless so ordered that they all tell in the result. How pervading and controlling is the principle of organic life and law, issuing in a perfect fitting of all the parts to each, and of each to all, so that in the farthest extremities we can detect the beatings of one common heart, may be specially instanced in Sir John; whose sayings everywhere so fit and cleave to the circumstances, to all the oddities of connection and situation out of which they grow; have such a mixed snacking, such a various and composite relish, made up from all the peculiarities of the person by whom, the occasion wherein, and the purpose for which they are spoken, that they cannot be detached and set out by themselves, without thwarting or greatly marring their force and flavor. On the whole, we may safely affirm, with Johnson, that "perhaps no author has ever, in two plays, afforded so much delight."

A Modern Othello.

The interior of a suburban church in the neighborhood of the Hotel Dieu, says the New Orleans *Times*, was recently graced by the nuptials of a gorgeously gotten up bride and groom, and an excited crowd of high and low degree, as witnesses of the plighted vows.

The parties to the marriage were, first, a young lady who is said to come of rich but respectable parents in some remote State; and secondly, a hack driver of such ebon hue that charcoal would make a white mark upon his face.

It appears that the bride, who is certainly good looking, when first heard from in this city, was under the protection of a friend, who, among other acts of kindness, frequently sent her out to ride with no other attendant than the groom in question. In what manner Othello pleaded his suit—whether he told of his hairbreadth 'scapes of being run into by dray drivers or arrested by police officers, or whether Desdemona loved him for the dangers he had passed—are doubts which no Shakespeare is yet able to solve. At any rate, the parties determined on marriage in spite of the protestations of her friends in general, and the curses of her friend in particular.

In spite of tempting offers to increase her allowance, to the altar she went, and in a wedding dress as costly as her finances would admit, the golden filet was placed upon the fourth finger of her left duke.

Desdemona, the result soon showed, sacrificed everything to her attachment for Othello, and when the latter removed his now blushing bride from the ducal mansion of her late friend, it was to carry her to the unpretending cottage of his African ancestors. The marriage has not since resulted as happily as might have been expected from one founded solely on love. Othello's occupation, in the first place, is gone; that is to say, he is no longer willing to do anything—not so much as to curry his horses, or even himself. The bride was and is a teacher in a colored school, and nobly devotes her earnings to maintaining herself and husband.

Some of her friends, as already stated, regarded with a great deal of opposition a marriage of this sort between a teacher with some education, and a coachman whose tastes might have been thought uncongenial. But subsequent reflection has doubtless convinced them it was a mistake. If she really believed a colored coachman was necessary for her happiness, her friends ought by all means to have urged on the match.

However, the miserable woman is now said to spend the most of her time in crying, and perhaps if ever she consents to work again in double harness it will be with a horse of another color

That Dam Roaring.

A young gentleman went to see the daughter of a Presbyterian elder lately, whose house was near a mill-dam. It being in the spring of the year, the water made considerable of a roar as it tumbled over the dam. The modest young man tapped lightly at the door at first, and received no answer. He tapped again—still no answer. Again and again he repeated his knock, but still he was unheard. Mustering up some courage, he proceeded to inflict some severe thumps on the door, which brought the staid old gentleman out.

"I suppose," said the youngster, who had by this time become slightly savage from being compelled to wait so long, "I suppose you could not hear my knocking for the dam roaring."

"The *damn* roaring. What do you mean, sir? How dare you speak in that way?" said the divine, somewhat angered by hearing the young man swear in his presence.

"I mean to say that I suppose you could not hear my knocking on account of the dam roaring."

"Damn roaring, again! You young scoundrel! Have you the impudence to insult me with a repetition of those words? Begone, sir."

"My dear sir," quoth the now bewildered youth, "I intended to say that I presumed I could not be heard on account of the *dam roaring*," laying a particular stress on the last two words.

"Insult on insult!" shouted the infuriated old man, and rushed at the poor fellow with the evident intention of ejecting him, but was restrained by the voice of his daughter exclaiming:—

"Papa, I suppose the young man intended to say that he could not be heard on account of the roaring of the dam."

"Oh! I beg your pardon, sir—walk in, walk in, really—ah, well! I declare! The dam roaring! Capital! Come in, come in. That is really too rich!"

It is needless to add that the youngster went in, and in the excellent society of the young lady soon forgot the "dam roaring."

Origin of Toasts.

Originally the "toast" was material, and had nothing to do with sentiment. It was the bit of browned biscuit which floated on every flowing bowl of punch. In King William or Queen Anne's days, as the fashionable loungers in the great bath, in the city of Bladud, were flirting in the hot water, or taking their chocolate on the floating cork slabs, or reading the paper as they sat upon the invisible seats in the water, they were startled and delighted by the apparition of a fair nymph, who entered the bath in the most coquettish of dresses and looking as glorious as Amphitrite herself when she glided along the deep. The fine gentlemen especially did her honor, according to the rough humor of the times. They dipped their cups into the water nearest to where the delighted nymph herself stood, and drank the liquid off to her honor and glory.

Among the eager lookers on from the gallery, was a young fellow in the most resplendent of birthday suits, patch, powder and sword; and, drawing the latter, he exclaimed with all the figures and flowers of liberal speech then in common use, that he didn't care a *fico* for the liquor, but that he was resolved to have a taste of the toast in it. This was meant for the lady in the bath, whom the rude gallant thus likened to the browned biscuit that in those days crowned the punch. As the speaker looked as if he were about to put his speech into action, there was a general scattering of the nymphs of the stream, with attendant screams and breathless pauses in flight, as much inviting pursuit as they seemed to dread it; and there was a calling of the beaus for their swords, and a scrambling preparation to defend the lady from that loud-voiced gallant. He, the while, swaggered saucily off to the King's Mead, where nobody troubled him; but the story got through the city, and from that day the word "toast" was applied to a lady to whom drinking honors were rendered, till it gradually came to mean the words in which the honor was paid.

BEAR STORY.—A party of hunters of Chippewa had just separated to scour the locality, when Sheriff Buzzell was suddenly confronted by an enormous black bear, coming right out of the ground, and not six feet distant. The peril was imminent, and only one thing to do—"fight it out on that line," and that suddenly. He shouted to warn his party, and fired, striking the bear in the centre of the head. Doubling up, like a knot, he disappeared in the ground as suddenly as he came out. The firing brought the rest of the party, and it was resolved to go into the hole, tie a rope to the bear's leg and draw him out; and to do this one must be lowered head foremost into the hole. Mr. Buzzell prepared for this job, and was lowered into the ground about eight feet before he came to the bear, which was lying quartering, hindpart towards him. He undertook to tie a rope round one hind leg, when a tension of the muscle, a movement of the body, and at the same time a straggling ray of light revealed two other bears and his own awful situation! Buzzell, eight feet in the ground, head foremost, without a single weapon, with three wild bears, and the only means of getting out to be hauled out by ropes attached to his feet, was very uncomfortable. How he escaped from the situation is a wonder to all who know anything about it; but he got off with a blow on the head and a scratch extending from the jaw to the temple. But the bear got the worst of it, for he followed his man out, and on showing his head received a ball under his jaws, coming out at the top of his head. So to get him out was the next consideration, and Blashfield was slowly and cautiously lowered into the den, revolver in hand. A survey showed that the old bear was dead, and but one other in sight, and that not at all pugnacious. He attached a rope to the old bear's leg, whanged his revolver at the remaining one, gave the signal, and was jerked out. When the old bear was drawn out, the others seemed bound to come too, and as fast as they showed themselves, they were fired at. Forty-one shots were fired, and their heads were riddled with holes before they succumbed. The old bear dressed 300 pounds, the others about 150 each.

WOMAN BORN TO DO THE LOVING.—That nature has ordained love as woman's task more than man's, is thus declared by a late moralist:—With man, love is never a passion of such intensity as with woman. She is a creature of sensibility, existing only in the outpourings and sympathies of her emotions. Every earthly blessing—nay, every heavenly hope, will be sacrificed for her affections. She will leave the sunny home of her childhood, the protecting roof of her kindred—forget the counsels of her sire, the admonishing voice of that mother on whose bosom her head had been pillowed—do all that a woman can do consistently with honor—forsake all that she has clung to in her girlish simplicity for years, and throw herself into the arms of the man she idolizes. He that would forsake a woman after these testimonies of affection is too gross a villain to be called a man."

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

SCRAPS.

To curb a fast young man. Bridal him.

The divine spark. A woman's first love.

Every bird pleases us with its lay, especially the hen.

When is an infant like a cannibal? When it eats its pap.

A Young Woman's Conundrum.—Who is our favorite Roman hero? Marius.

Roscius, the actor, is stated to have had eight wives. That's eight-Roscius.

It is a mistake to suppose that the sun is supported in the sky by its beams.

Josh Billings says he don't care how much a man talks if he'll only say it in a few words.

What song do the hens sing after one has dropped an egg? Why, a round-de-lay, of course.

What relation is the door-mat to the scraper? Why, the step-father, of course.

When heavy tragedians knit their eye-brow, what size cotton do they use.

Why is love like Scotch plaid? It is all stuff and is often crossed.

"I'll work a change in you," as the churndash said to the cream.

Wanted to Know—if the man who was bent on mischief straightened him—self.

If you wish to fatten a thin baby, throw it out of the window and it will come down plump.

Men are like bugles; the more brass they contain the more noise they make, and the further you can hear them.

"I am Laying for You," as the old hen said to the chap who was hunting for her nest.

Why is a "Tilting Skirt" like a slaughter pen? Because lean and fat calves are to be seen in it.

No man has as yet been able to ride a clothes horse with the "spur of a moment."

"Matchless Misery" has been defined to be to have a cigar and nothing to light it with.

Landlady—Why, Bridget! washing your feet in the dish pan? Bridget—Sure, and I always did it.

A Lady, who has a son at school, has forbidden him to play the national game, for fear he may be prematurely balled.

"John, did Mrs. get the medicine that I ordered?" "Wall, I guess so," replied John, "for I saw crape on the door next morning."

O'Leary gazing in astonishment upon an elephant in a menagerie, asked the keeper what kind of a baste is that atin' hay wid his tail?

"I am afraid you'll come to want," said an old lady to her daughter. "I have come to want already," was the reply; "I want a nice young man."

A certain editor, in speaking of the miseries of Ireland, says: "Ireland's cup of misery has been for ages overflowing and seems to be *not yet full!*"

Nice Place.—The following notice might have been seen some time ago stuck up in a corset maker's shop window in Glasgow:—"All sorts of ladies' stays here."

A man very much intoxicated was sent to jail. "Why did you not bail him out?" inquired a bystander of a friend. "Bail him out!" exclaimed the other; "Why you couldn't pump him out."

A Flirt is the dipper of the public pump, which all may drink at but none carry away. But the dipper grows old and rusty at last and nobody wants to carry it away.

An editor became martial, and was created captain. On parade, instead of "two paces in front—advance!" he unconsciously bawled out, "Cash—two dollars a year—advance!"

John's wife and John were tete-a-tete—
She witty was, industrious he;
Says John, "I've earned the bread we've ate;"
"And I," says she, "have *urned* the tea."

How to get Rid of Friends.—A gentleman complaining of his too many friends, Patrick advised him, "Lind money to the poor ones, and borry of the rich; thin nathur sort will trouble yez."

Well Informed.—An Irishman, newly arrived and a member of the O'Regan family, was heard to exclaim, as the steamer Oregon was passing: "O-r-e-g-o-n!—O'Regan—be jabers! only four weeks in Americy and a shteamboat called by me name."

How He Got There.—"May it please your honor," said a lawyer, addressing one of the judges, "I brought this man from the jail on a *habeas corpus*." "That's a good one!" said a fellow in an under tone, who stood in the rear of the court. "I'm blow'd if I didn't see him come here in a cab."

Didn't want to be left.—A sailor on board a ship was ordered by some of the officers to go below and fetch a jug of water just as the ship was about to sail. The man hesitated to go, because, as he said, the vessel being about to sail, he was afraid he would be left behind.

Philosophy.—Two distinguished philosophers took shelter under one tree during a heavy shower. After some time, one of them complained that he felt the rain. "Never mind," replied the other, "there are plenty of trees; when this one is wet through, we will go to another."

Cut her eye teeth.—A couple of children were boasting of their respective relatives, when one of them, a little girl of five years, being hard pressed, reflected a moment and then triumphantly exclaimed, "Well, anyhow, my Aunt Susan can take all her teeth out and put 'em back ag'in, and that's more'n any of your relations can do!"

A Smart Boy.—Johnny has just begun to learn geography. He says the Poles live partly at one end of the globe and partly at the other. He knows it is so, because they are marked on the map. He has found out something else, too. Somebody told him that the pigeons ate their own weight every day. He knows a little bird not as big as a pigeon that takes a peck at every mouthful.

"Such a Getting Up Stairs.—A convivially disposed gentleman, home late, walked independently and noisily up stairs and along the corridor to his room. "Why, what a noise you make," said his wife, who heard with some anxiety the heavy tread of his boots. "How heavily you walk!" "Well my dear," was his gruff response, "if you can get a barrel of whiskey up stairs with any less noise, I should like to see you do it."

A Smart Boy.—A friend tells us of a lady who was recently reading to her child—a boy of seven years—a story of a little fellow whose father had taken ill and died, whereupon the youngster set himself diligently to work to assist in supporting himself and his mother. When she finished the story the following dialogue ensued:—*Mother*—Now, my little man, if your papa was to die, wouldn't you work to help your mother. *Boy*—(Not relishing the idea of work). Why, ma, what for? Ain't we got a good house to live in? *Mother*—Oh, yes my child, but we can't eat the house you know. *Boy*—Well ain't we got flour and sugar, and other things in the store room? *Mother*—Certainly we have, my dear boy, but they won't last long—and what then? *Boy*—Well ma, ain't there enough to last while you get another husband? A roar of laughter ended the colloquy.

Folly.—To think that the more a man eats, the fatter and stronger he will become. To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained. To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better, is "good for" the system without regard to more ulterior effects. To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial, hoping that somehow or other it may be done in your case with impunity. To advise another to take a remedy which you have not tried yourself, without making special inquiry whether all the conditions are alike. To eat without an appetite, or continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste. To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.

MARRIAGES EXTRAORDINARY.

Botts—Bishop.—On Tuesday, by the Rev. Thomas S. Hastings, Mr. Julian Botts to Miss Harriet Bishop.

We thought the horse's ailments
Fell not to human lots;
The Church is not exempt, it seems—
A Bishop's got the Botts.

Bell—Bare.—On the 1st instant, the Rev. Thomas D. Bell to Miss Harriet Bare.

He once was deemed a bold man that
In Scotland dared to "bell the cat,"
But now a-days e'en churchmen dare
Far greater feats, and bell the bear!
Which merits most renown? pray tell;
He bells the bear—she bears the bell.

Wright—Buck.—On Monday, by the Rev. Mr. Seals, Henry W. Wright to Miss Orila Buck.

The parson seals their fate; 'tis very clear,
She's right for once—the buck has got its dear.

Cobb—Webb.—Last week, Mr. John Cobb to Miss Kate Webb.

A gruff old fool, who sits now just beside us,
Says in our ear, "Look out for little spiders."

Lamb—Lyon.—On the 4th ult., Dr. Thomas Lamb to Miss Matilda Lyon.

Millennial advocates may sound
Their Gabrielic horns;
The end of time, the reign of peace,
This simple notice warns.

For lo! the lion lieth down
Together with the lamb;
And soon, perhaps, a little child
Will lead them by the hand.

Steed—Curry.—On the 9th inst., Thos. Steed, Esq., to Miss Sarah B. Curry.

Said Brown, "Tom Steed's so very small,
I fear he will be flurried."
"Oh, no," said Jones, "a steed's a horse,
And a short one is soon curried."

Turn—Turn.—On the 14th, Mr. Joseph Turn to Miss Mary Turn.

Let's hope they were good children both,
And honored well their loving mother;
We can't complain in such event,
For "one good turn deserves another."

Moore—Moore.—On the 1st, Mr. Wm. Moore to Miss Maria Moore.

The happiness they will enjoy,
Is great beyond degree;
But when they have a little "Moore"
O, won't it greater be?

Williams—Williams.—On the 29th ult., Mr. William Williams to Miss Lizzie Williams, both of Williamstown.

"For further particulars see small bills."

Neill—Tier.—On Wednesday, Mr. William Neill to Miss Jane Tier.

A sad event, we rather fear;
She turned to kneel and dropped a tear.

No Seats.—Dr. Johnson, in spite of the contempt he affected for actors, persuaded himself to treat Mrs. Siddons with great politeness, and said, when she called on him at Bolt Court, and Frank, his servant, could not immediately provide her with a chair, "You see, madam, wherever you go, there are no seats to be got."

THE RING.

BILLY EDWARDS AT THE BROADWAY OPERA HOUSE.

ANOTHER SCENE OF DEVASTATION.

Never since the upper hall of the premises at 600 Broadway, a few steps from Houston street, was first let for a sparring entertainment, was its capacity tested to such an extent as on the evening of Wednesday, the 8th instant, when Billy Edwards, a natty and civil young fellow, who has made a big reputation for himself as a first class man with the gloves by the clever and exciting displays in which he has figured at nearly every exhibition which has taken place in New York or vicinity since his arrival in the country, presented his claims upon the patronage of the sporting public. The hall was literally packed to suffocation by a miscellaneous mass of humanity, wedged together so closely that it was next to an impossibility for any one, except those who catered for the amusement of the assemblage, to squeeze their way through, which we were pleased to see, for Edwards has always made it a point to do anything in his power to assist his brother boxers, and deserved a bumper. While the jam made things more lively and interesting, it rendered comfort altogether out of the question, but this the rounders, who were in the habit of taking in all such affairs, didn't mind a particle, as past experience had taught them to anticipate a rough deal, although some there were—members of the upper strata, who had chanced to drop in while out for a lark, and others who felt well disposed toward Billy and went out of curiosity—who weren't accustomed to, and therefore couldn't stand the pressure, and heartily wished themselves out of the close, tobacco-perfumed sweat-box before the show had fairly commenced; they found, however, that 'twas easier to wish than to perform, and so wisely maintained their positions.

We said we were glad to see young Edwards receive such a flattering proof of the public good will toward him, but the pleasure was not a little lessened by the outrageous manner in which the crowd conducted themselves, making the benches do double and even triple duty, and demolishing the furniture at a terrible rate. It's strange that those having charge of these exhibitions do not possess sense enough to consult their own interests and those of the fraternity at large by adopting such measures as shall effectually put a stop to such high-handed proceedings, which are fast bringing the division into disrepute, and if allowed to continue will ere long bar against them every hall in the metropolis. It's no use relying upon "persuasive eloquence" to keep under proper restraint those turbulent, thoughtless, devil-may-care spirits who are ever to be found at boxing shows, and who, if their too great boisterousness be not nipped in the bud, are certain to inaugurate a miniature reign of terror, the result of which not only injures the *beneficiaire* pecuniarily, but determines the proprietors of halls to shut pan on all such gatherings in future, and to it must be attributed the limited number of places now open to them. Summary measures are necessary to bring these wild fellows to their senses, and the boys who patronize these entertainments, and want to see things go on smoothly, owe it to themselves to lend their aid in putting down all over-enthusiastic demonstrations. Many of the benches at the Opera House were smashed into atoms on Wednesday evening, which, if Billy is disposed to do the square thing, is just so much out of his pocket; and if he don't, it ain't likely that after Cheer's night any one will be able to secure it for a similar purpose.

These are facts which cannot be rubbed out, and those interested should make up their minds to put an end to these disgraceful freaks at once and for ever, and when they do make up their minds, act accordingly without delay—if they don't they will assuredly regret it in the future, when it will be too late to undo what they themselves have done. We have spoken at length upon this matter, because we desire to impress it forcibly upon the minds of our readers, that they may, for their own benefit, be induced to take such action as will bring about a change for the better. You might as well talk to so many dead men as to those who appear to take especial delight in piling onto the backs of benches to the injury of the same, and the obscuring of the view of those in the rear of them, when there's no earthly necessity for it. If there's no other way of bringing them to reason and a semblance of courtesy, let them be clubbed into it. Let those whom the shoe fits wear it.

Old Bill Tovee, who appears to be ubiquitous, was there, as usual, but how in the world he managed to squirm his way through the dense mass, while looking up the sparrers, was a seven days' wonder, but he did it with astonishing alacrity, and shortly after eight o'clock started the music with a couple of kids, which served to arouse and keep quiet the audience while the pugilist-pedestrian ferreted out and paired a couple of higher degree in the persons of

Johnny Grady, the lad with the old-fashioned, tough-looking title page, and that stunted, but sturdily put up boxer, Glasco, commonly called "Young," but from appearances it ain't an appropriate Christian name at all, though doubtless that's owing in a measure to the hard knocks his phisiog has received since his "bonnie brow was brant." The opponent of Billy Kelly in his three-hour battle was, as usual, more eager for a shake-up than for a square meal, and as Glasco, who was stripped to the buff to show off his muscular development, was agreeable, the twain just made things hum while they occupied the stage, Grady having all the leading to do, and doing it well, though he got almost as good as he sent. It was the liveliest set-to Johnny has been engaged in for a long time, and elicited vociferous applause.

The Conqueror of Australian Kelly and Ex-Champion of the Middle-Weights, Dan Kerrigan, came next, with Johnny Lazarus, of Philadelphia, to hit with him. Owing to Daniel feeling slightly "indisposed" physically, and therefore not inclined for rough work, the set-to didn't amount to greens compared with the balance, light tapping being the order, with occasional punches of a more vigorous character, the visitor from the land of Quakers leaving off with the largest share of the honors, which wouldn't have been the case had the Fourth Warder been in proper form. This couple gave place to

Dooney 'Arris and Jack 'Icks, as a cockney at our elbow remarked, Dooney looking like a reed alongside of his burly adversary, who appeared as firm as the rock of ages on his pins. The stage was not large enough to allow of Dooney bringing his wonderful agility into effectual play, although what there was he got over at a lively gait, wisely endeavoring to give the powerful lunges of his opponent a wide berth, for he isn't as robust as he was fifteen years ago, and can't stand too much roughing at the hands of more muscular, if less skillful antagonists. Jack, not to be denied, kept following him up, slogging with right and left whenever the opportunity presented itself. In the matter of science the set-to was all in favor of Dooney, but his favors didn't possess as great force as those of his *vis-a-vis*.

The advent of Jimmy Elliott—whose arrival in this city was made known long before by a prominent character who is very sweet upon him—upon the scene now created considerable commotion, and, as the crowd rose to greet him, it was heightened by some hilarious cuss chucking a member of the rising generation over the heads of a portion of the audience, landing kersmash upon the bran new silk tile of a certain well-known sporting writer, causing it to look as though it had just emerged from a forty days and nights' lark. Thinking a free fight was about to vary the programme, those who didn't want to be counted in made a frantic rush for the stage, which the weaker had to stand the brunt of, hyena-like yells and well rounded but not very polite exclamations mingling with the crash of benches and ripping of garments, the whole forming a scene of confusion worse confounded and utterly indescribable. Not until Edwards had mounted the stage and requested the audience to take their places for their own sake and his, did the excitement subside sufficiently for the exercises to proceed.

Johnny Dwyer, the Brooklyn heavy, looking as good as new after his desperate off-handed turn-up, next pulled on the buckskins in company with Luke Gleason. This was no match at all, Johnny overtopping his antagonist, and by reason of much greater strength, length of reach and avoirdupois, having all the advantage of him. He didn't have any occasion to exert himself in the least, and not being inclined to make use of the undue advantage he possessed, he contented himself with warding off his antagonist's essays—which, however, he didn't always succeed in doing—and now and then dropping in a light 'un just to let Luke know he was awake. The boys didn't appreciate this mild work and were glad when they skipped off.

Pete McGinnis and young Murphy, both good Finnigans, and therefore, as a matter of course, having a relish for pugilistic recreations, gave another illustration of the beauties of downright slogging, each administering compliments without stint, and flinching not from the return in a manner appalling to persons of weak nerves and delicate constitutions. It was a very clever display, the men being evenly matched in height, weight and science, and leaving off amid the plaudits of the excited assemblage, with the honors as near equally divided as could well be. Their next meeting will create a sensation, sure.

George Cheer, the British feather weight, and Hen Bagley, who lately challenged the former, and is open to contests for ring laurels *and* money, with any man in the States, at 114lbs., were the next couple introduced. The "little difference" between them actuated them to do their level best to get the upper hand, and consequently a more than usual warm meeting was inaugurated as soon as they faced each other and kept up while they remained upon the boards. The hits were pretty equal, but George had the best of it—his blows possessing the most steam and Bagley being cleverly thrown twice. Each made a better display than we ever have seen them make before, and their merits were properly acknowledged.

The gigantic proportions of Ned O'Baldwin now loomed up a head and shoulders above the heads of the audience, and in response to the cordial reception extended, as he pushed his way through the surging and seemingly impenetrable mass, he mounted the stage and expressed his willingness to keep his promise by putting on the gloves with any man in the room or out of it. This evoked another burst of cheering, and cries for Coburn, Elliott and others, resounded from all sides. No attention was paid to the appeal by any one except Elliott, in behalf of whom Toppy McGuire stated Jimmy proposed taking a benefit himself shortly, when he would be happy to have a go with the best in the shop, but it wouldn't be policy for him to do so before then, which was right enough, and so said they, all of them.

Loud calls were now made for Luke Welsh, which that worthy, who stands six feet three, acknowledged by stepping behind the footlights and stating that he did not see why he should spar with O'Baldwin, as he didn't consider himself a first-class nor yet a second class man, and didn't think it would be right, when there were so many better qualified than himself in the house. Though the spectators wanted to see O'Baldwin put up very much, they assented to the correctness of Luke's view of things, and cheered him as he resumed his seat, O'Baldwin following suit by default.

Billy Edwards and Barney Aaron were to have given the wind-up, but although the Boweryite was on hand and ready to make his word good, his backer would not permit him, for obvious reasons, to do so, and Billy Kelly volunteered to take his place, which gave satisfaction. After the gray-haired warrior had returned thanks to the sparrers for their assistance, and the audience for their attendance, and to those who had been willing to spar, he gave the word and the light-weights set to work, and real earnest work it was, too, both hitting as though they meant it and not being chary of giving their heads in order to get home frequent stinging counters. Greater interest was manifested in the set-to from the fact of Kelly having fought Collyer, and the talk sometime since of matching Edwards against Sam. The excitement among the spectators was intense while the conflict lasted, the partisans of each shouting encouragingly to their favorites, and thus urged on, they treated the boys to one of the best encounters of a slogging nature they've witnessed for many a day, there being little choice between them, but what there was was in favor of the *beneficiaire*, who well sustained his reputation as an expert boxer and tremendous hitter. This formed a fitting conclusion to an excellent entertainment.

Paid Forfeit.—As anticipated, the proposed unequal match between O'Baldwin and Tom Allen, for which a forfeit of $50 a side was put up while on a "hurrah" one night, to the astonishment of everybody in their sober senses, has resulted in Allen's backer forfeiting. Allen had not been consulted in the matter at all, and on being apprised of the negotiations refused to have anything to do with it, of course.

LIVELY SKIRMISH BETWEEN BOYS IN BLUE.

Our old correspondent, "Tom Surface," formerly of Fort Foote, Md., but now located at the headquarters of the 4th Artillery at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, informs us of another short but slashing mill, fought off the reel on New Year's day, between two fistically inclined members of Company D, named Wilson and Gollagher. The fight originated in an old feud, which had broken out a few days prior, and to settle the difficulty at once and forever, they agreed to resort to the arbitration of nature's weapons, which determination was hailed with delight by their companions-in-arms, who were on the look out for something to relieve the irksomeness of garrison life, and appropriately celebrate the incoming of the New Year, and this just suited them to a T. Neither of the principals ever before figured in a prize fight, though each had taken part in various rough-and-tumbles, gaining thereby the reputation of being able to endure any amount of thumping with the naked fist.

Wilson reaches an altitude of 5 feet 11 inches, and lowered the beam at 165 lbs, while Gollagher is one inch and a half less in stature, and don't weigh so much as his opponent by some fifteen pounds. The ring was pitched at a secluded spot in the rear of Fort Marshall, and the crowd seated around numbered among other Baltimoreans, Mark Dillon, Frank Maier, Johnny Hurttel, Nick Stubbs, Paul Linsted and Patsy Fitzgerald—a select, sociably-inclined little party, who cared not a toss of a cent which won, but wanted to see the battle decided upon the merits of the contestants.

Wilson had for his second Harry Donaldson, of Balty, and Jack Conroy waited upon Gollagher, while Jerome Farrar officiated as referee, and Jerry Lynch and Jack Eidders as ring keepers. The position of Gollagher was much the more artistic of the two, and he appeared confident of the result, while Wilson seemed to lack that very essential quality in an encounter of this character. They sparred cautiously for some moments, feinting and dodging about for an opening, Gollagher finally opening the ball by a light tap on the mouth. This brought on trifling exchanges, ended by Gollagher investing heavily on his opponent's mouth, uncorking the claret and dropping him as though he had been struck by a cannon ball. In the second round Wilson, shaken by the pile-driver received in the previous bout, fought shy, Gollagher having to follow him to his own corner, and from there all around the ring. The jeering of the crowd at length brought Wilson to a halt, and after a few passes Gollagher tried his right, which fell short, and quick as a flash Wilson countered him on the neck, and Gollagher hunted gravel without ceremony.

The third round was well contested, each man being thoroughly warmed up and fighting all they knew how, the bout terminating in a desperate struggle for the fall, both coming to grief locked in a close embrace. The punishment upon both sides was severe and the blood poured from them in limpid streams as they were carried to their corners. Upon coming up for the fourth round, both showed signs of heavy work, one of Wilson's optics being completely closed, and the other rapidly following suit, while his nose was knocked out of all shape. With the exception of a severe cut on the right ear, Goll's face didn't look much worse for the struggle, but his body was cut in various places and ugly-looking lumps were visible all over his ribs. Wilson kept on the retreat, but Goll would'nt be evaded, and springing in delivered his left with force on the blinking orb, which caused Wilson to assume the horizontal instanter. Round the sixth was very short, Wilson coming up groggily only to be hammered down again by his still fresh antagonist. On time being called for the seventh trial, W. was unable to respond, but by request of Gollagher, the referee allowed the fallen man ten minutes, when he had sufficiently recovered to appear at the scratch again. Goll dashed in at once and hitting Wilson full in the throat laid him out again perfectly senseless. He was conveyed to Tom Maginnis' place, on Bond street, where he lay for some days in a critical condition. The stakes were $150 a side.

Pete Daly Denies the Statement.—We are in receipt of a long letter from Pete Daly, of Portland, Me., in reference to the report sent us by a correspondent who signed the name of Andrew McGlinchy, that Daly had offered to fight Patsy Sheppard during the latter's visit to that city. He states that he was very much surprised to hear the report, and denies all knowledge of the letter having been written, didn't, or don't now claim to have visited Patsy, never spoke of making a match with Sheppard, nor has he the slightest intention of doing so, as he has something more profitable than fighting to attend to at present, besides which, he esteems Patsy as a friend, and don't wish any ill-feeling to be engendered between them. He declares the whole thing is a put up job to wring Patsy into a little trouble between Daly and Dick Gales, who has forfeited to Pete twice of late. Andrew McGlinchy attests the correctness of everything which Daly says; and both send their regards to Patsy and Abe. Patsy felt very sore over the article in question, but now that it is explained, he will be satisfied, as his reputation is vindicated.

One Thousand Dollar Match in the Keystone State.—Jim Whittaker and Dick Daley, a couple of residents from Mahoney City, Pa., ambitious of milling glory, have been matched to fight according to the New Rules, for five hundred dollars a side. The sum of fifty dollars a side was planked on the evening of the 3d instant, and the second instalment of a like sum had to be forthcoming on the 20th instant. We understand that we have been chosen final stakeholder, but as it is contrary to our rule, especially when the parties reside out of the city, we must decline the intended honor.

Turned Publican.—By a business card elsewhere, in this department, it will be observed that the rather unfortunate Aaron Jones, who fought Bob Wade, Harry Orme, Tom Paddock and Tom Sayers (the three latter twice each), in England, and Mike McCoole, in this country, has opened a house of call at 177 Vine street, Cincinnati, O., where he will be pleased to see his old friends, or any of the boys who may travel that way. The result of his last battle determined Aaron to shake the ring for good, and it is to be hoped that he will be more prosperous in his present calling than he has been as a milling hero.

In the City.—Johnny Lazarus was in town last week, looking hale and hearty, and as full of life and animation as ever. He reports matters *pugilistique* as pretty lively in Quakerdom just now, owing mainly to the presence of Mike McCool, Patsy Sheppard and the Hicken brothers; Abe and Harry, having, it seems, postponed their intended visit to Troy.

The Chandler-Harris Mill.—Our California exchanges state that the Grand Jury of Contra Costa County have indicted Tommy Chandler, Con Mooney and other participants in the Chandler-Harris fight, as likewise some twelve hundred persons who were spectators.

Changed His Base.—George Rooke, the jovial and scientific boxer-boniface, of Providence, R. I., has given up his old stand, the Albion, 110 Westminster street, and located himself in a new and elegantly fitted up saloon on Eddy, running through to Dorrance street.

CANINE.

Ratting Sport on New Year's.—The butcher boys of Louisville, Ky., had a high old time at a well-known pit in the First Ward, on New Year's Day, in the way of rat killing, several very interesting matches, upon which the betting was spirited, taking place. The first was for a handsome collar, for which Browning's dog Jack, 19 lbs., G. Abraham's slut Pink, 15 lbs., Simmon's slut Foot, 17 lbs., and Ike Abrahams' dog Bug, 16 lbs., were entered. Pink carried off the trophy by nipping six of the long-tailed squeakers in forty-nine seconds. This was followed by a trial at four rats each between Mean's dog Bug, Edwards' dog Jack, and R. Thomas' dog Tip, 24 lbs. each. The two former killed their share in twenty seconds each, but Tip captured the prize by masticating his portion in sixteen seconds. Next came a match between G. Abrahams and John Stull for $25, Abrahams' slut 30 lbs., to kill fifty rats in five minutes, which task he failed to accomplish by ten. This wound up the rat chewing part of the programme, and the balance of the day was spent in fighting "bull purps" and cocking warfare.

Match for a Hundred Cases.—Hen Smith's 33½ lb. dog, of Louisville, Ky., and the Barber's dog, 26 lbs., have been matched to fight on January 19th for $50 a side.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

"Shamokin," Shamokin, Pa.—Sweet's Elements of Draughts will cost you fifty cents (post paid). It will afford all the necessary information for any beginner, and much more. The publisher has no copies at present on hand. We have several orders on hand (and the money) and hope he will hurry up.

D. H. Kimberly, Cleveland, O.—Will examine, and reply to you soon.

W. P. L., Baltimore, Md.—Will reply next week.

Chicago Boy.—Thanks. You will hear from us soon.

Game No. 34.---Vol. XV.

THE BROOKLYN.

Black. J. Ryan.	White. M. Dufort.	Black. J. Ryan.	White. M. Dufort.
1..10 to 14	23 to 19	9..16 to 19	20 to 16
2..11 16	19 15	10.. 9 14	31 27 (a)
3..16 19	22 17	11..19 24	28 19 (b)
4..14 18	17 14	12.. 8 11	16 7
5..12 16	24 20	13.. 2 11	15 8
6.. 7 11	27 24	14.. 6 31	26 19
7..18 23	14 10	15.. 4	11, and wins.
8..11 18	24 15		

(a) This move involves the loss of the game. (b) 27 to 20 also loses, as shown by previous play.

Solution of Position No. 65.--Vol. XV.

BY SWEEPSTAKES.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1.. 4 to 8	13 to 22	3..16 to 19	23 to 16
2.. 6 9	5 14	4.. 8	12, and wins.

Solution of Position No. 66.--Vol. XV.

BY J. BRYANT.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..14 to 10	11 to 4	3.. 6 to	9, and wins.
2..15 11	22 8		

Position No. 67, Vol. XV.

BY M. B.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Position No. 68, Vol. XV.

BY THE EDITOR D. D.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to move and win.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

Tourney No. 5.—A correspondent says: "Further search will develop a solution in 8, thus: 1..Kt to Kt 8; 2..Kt to K 6 +; 3..Q to her 3, [K to his 4]; 4..B to Kt 6 +; 5..Q to her 5 +; 6..Q to B 7 +; 7..R to Q 5+; and 8..R to B 8+, compelling checkmate." Do you stand corrected?

A. Z. H., 17 Nassau street.—The assurance that so ample and excellent a contribution awaits us is very gratifying. Blank diagrams mailed as per order. By all means send us the revision of the "Curious Position," and it will go among the things to have immediate attention on the close of the Tourney.

Enigma No. 607.

Third Prize Problem.—"Shower of Stars."

"A happy effort of genius."

BY HERR KLING.

at K B sq, Q R 3, Q 4, K B 7, K B 6, Q B 5, K B 2, K 3d.

at K B 6, Q sq, K R 3, K B 4, Q B 3, Q Kt 4, Q B 5, Q 4th, and Black Pawns at K Kt 5, and K R 6th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 607.--Tourney No. 15.

"ORA PRO NOBIS."

WHITE.

BLACK.

Black compels suimate in ten moves.

Game No. 607.

Fine battle at Dundee between Mr. Cecil De Vere and Herr G. B. Neumann.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

Attack, Mr. De Vere.	Defence, Herr Neumann.	Attack, Mr. De Vere.	Defence, Herr Neumann.
1..P to Q B 4	P to K B 4	25..Q B to R 6	K R to B 2
2..P-Q 4	K Kt-B 3	26..P-K Kt 4	B P × P
3..Q Kt-B 3	P-K 3	27..K B × R	Q B × R
4..P-Q R 3	K B-K 2	28..Q-K B 4	Q Kt-Q 2 (c)
5..K Kt-B 3	Castles	29..P-K 6	Q × Q +
6..Q-her B 2	P-Q 4	30..Q B × Q	P-Q B 5
7..P-K 3	P-Q Kt 3	31..K B-home	Kt-K B 3
8..B P × P	K P × P	32..K P × B +	K × B P
9..K B-Q 3	P-K Kt 3	33..R P × P	Kt × Kt P +
10..Castles	P-Q R 3	34..K-his Kt 3	Kt-K B 3
11..Q B-Q 2	K B-Q 3	35..K-his R 4	P-Q Kt 4
12..Q R-B sq	P-Q B 3	36..K B-R 3	Q R-K 2
13..K Kt-K 5	Q R-his 2	37..Q R × R +	K × Q R
14..Q Kt-K 2 (a)	P-Q B 4	38..K B-B 8	P-Q R 4
15..Q Kt-Kt 3	K B × Kt	39..Q B-Kt 5	P-Q Kt 5
16..Q P × B	K Kt-his 5	40..B P × P	R P × P
17..P-K B 4	Q-K R 5	41..K B-Kt 7	P-Q 5
18..P-K R 3	Kt × K 2d P	42..K B-Q 5	P-Q B 6
19..B P × Kt	Q × K Kt	43..Kt P × P	Kt P × P
20..Q B-his 3 (b)	Q × K 1st P +	44..K B-K 4	P-K R 3 (d)
21..K-his R 2	Q B-K 3	45..Q B × Kt +	K × Q B
22..Q R-K sq	Q-K R 3	46..K B-B 2	P-Kt 4 +
23..Q B-Q 2	Q-K Kt 2	47..K-Kt 4	K-his 4
24..Q-her B sq	Q-her B 2	48..K B-Q 3	P-K R 4 +,

and, on receiving this truly admirable move, Mr. De Vere resigned.

(*a*) This flank movement of the Kt affords Herr N. an opportunity to obtain a decisive advantage.

(*b*) The young Englishman makes a gallant effort to redeem the game; but the astute Prussian having gained an advantage rarely relinquishes it.

(*c*) The Defence is compelled to yield up a piece, but retains victory in the strength of his Pawns.

(*d*) All this end game is admirably played.

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Mad. Macarte,
Oceana,
Julia Hill,
Maggie Maguire,
Sallie Sweatnam,
Ada Wray, (2),
Carrie E. Brown,
Mary L. Bryce,
Lottie A. Browne,
Mrs. Bridget, (2),
Virginia De Berger,
Julia Barton,
Julian Breban, (3),
Wm. Blair,
Tommy Ward,
Harry Blood,
Billy Hart, (2),
M. T. Skiff,
John G. Berthune, 3,
John F. Spaulding,
Eddie Marsh,
R. H. Mills, (3),
Joe Murphy, (2),
J. F. Dunnie,
Lew Hallett,
Geo. Dobson,
John Masterson,
Sam. Barth,
Benj. Brown,
Wm. B. Brown,
Jas. Brandisi,
"Olio,"
Mike Stanton,
Geo. Hutchinson,
Ben. Maginley,
John Warner,
R. A. Prime,
Levi J. North,
Saul Ser-Trew,
John Poole,
Chas. Fish,
Wm. Leggett,
J. Henesge Carter,
Geo. Sanford,
Add. Ryman,
Wm. Spary,
Nellie Taylor,
Miss De LeMoine, (2)
Mayling Sisters,
Kate Brevoort, (2),
Annie Sheffield,
Mrs. W. D. Shields,
Cherry Bell,
Selina Warner,
Lizetta Bernard,
Lillie Brandon,
Adah Montclain,
Mary Mantallie,
Emma Howell,
Hattie Sinclair,
Mazori Arnoldi,
Nanny Thompson,
Carrie Duval.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, JAN. 13, '68.

IN THE UNMISTAKEABLE language of ye comic clown, "here we are again, Mister Marster. What can we do for you now?" Shall we inform you of the progress of the impeachment business, of the rise in *gold*, of the fall of skaters, of the fashionable and unfashionable balls, of the auction sale of theatrical and church pews, etc.? Or shall we delve into the hidden recesses of our underground resorts, and reveal to you the mysteries of low life, low? Or shall we take you into our palatial residences, and, poking our nose into other people's business, show you that in reality there is as much to wonder at in the private lives of our aristocrats as in the lives of those who burrow in the slums of the Five Points or Water street? Perhaps you don't care to hear of these things—have already heard enough, probably—and prefer something gossipy and spicy...... Hasn't it been cold? Ice dealers, who had begun to look particularly blue at the blue prospects before them previous to the "last cold snap," loomed up luminous during the latter part of the week, when the Frost King asserted his supremacy and chilled everybody and everything with his icy presence. Proprietors of skating parks, who saw their property melting away like the baseless fabric of a "frozen truth," took a fresh lease of life from old King John, clapped their hands in childish glee, and let congealment feed on their damaged ponds......Talking about childish glee, reminds us of a little incident that occurred just before Christmas. A bright little chap of seven winters was prating to us of his great expectations in the "stocking" business. We became a boy again, ourself, and asked the other boy if Kriss Kringle distributed knives as he went marching onward, as we should like to get one in *our* stocking. "I don't know," said the little boy, "but I tell you what you do; just you write a note and pin it on your stocking, so Kriss Kringle can see it." We expressed our doubts as to a favorable result; but the little chap insisted upon us trying it, at the same time telling us how to word the note, which we took down from his own mouth, as follows:—

"MISTER KRISS KRINGLE."—Do you put knives in boys' stockings? If you do, please put one in mine."

Our little friend, having the greatest confidence in the liberality and kindness of good old Kriss Kringle, took the pains to pin the note to one of our longest stockings, and was rewarded next day by being shown a beautiful knife, which Kriss Kringle had, in his desire to please the little people, finally dropped into our stocking. Oh, that we boys of a larger growth had faith in good deeds, like the little boy who engineered the knife business..... An event of the week in the way of amusements has been the opening of Pike's New Opera House, an account of which is given in another column. The initial performance was a success, and opened up a new (the Eighth) avenue for those desirous of going to (hear) Pike speak. To the worthy manager we may remark that we trust there will be no turn, Pike, from such an auspicious commencement, and that he may so play his cards as to win every time......Which calls up the spirit of poesy on

PLAYING CARDS.

Ground out by "Our Jim."

With playing cards all persons should
Be pleased, as cards now stand:
To the Lover it will often chance
A *heart* goes with a *hand*.
The Lively cove—that one who hates
All sober, dry old sticks—
Is sure to like a game of cards,
Because they're full of *tricks*.

The Actor, who engagement seeks,
Against cards naught can say:
Because, if he elsewhere cannot,
With cards can *always* play.
The Lawyer, too, must like them well,
Or else he is not cute—
For he will find, if he but search,
In every pack a *suit*.

The Jeweler and the Policeman—
They can't deny the rub—
In cards take pride, since they contain
The *diamond* and the *club*.
Musicians, full of harmony,
Can ne'er get in the dumps
While playing cards, because they're *hands*
Are often full of *trumps*.

They *must* suit all—have we not all
Ambition? And upon, or
Rather by us cards oft thrust,
When playing whist, an *honor*.
And when Life's game is once played out,
And death our ranks invades,
See how the undertaker's pleased
To have a hand of *spades*.

......The current week will witness a new sensation—the advent of the "White Fawn," a new spectacular play, which has been in preparation for months past, at Niblo's. There has been so much *black fawning* during the past few years, that it is a relief to turn from that gloomy picture and gaze upon the bright side of human affairs. Whether Brother Smyth, with a y, is to take an active part in the new piece we are not advised; but this much we *do* know, that he preached a sermon yesterday, and the spectacle is to be presented for the first time on Wednesday, January 15. Put that and that together. The "White Fawn," which will run well we are told, is to excel in beauty the "Black Crook." Lines:—

At Niblo's a new era will
On Wednesday night be dawning,
When Wheatley crooks the ballet legs
That *thrift* may follow "*Fawn*"-ing.

......"Our Jim" is greatly in doubt as to the authorship of "Midsummer Night's Dream," over which Jim had a dream the other night, at the Olympic. The following critique from his fertile brain will be read with interest:—

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"—*Criticised by "Our Jim."* [Don't forget to put my name to it.] This is a nonsensical sort of play now going on at the Olympic Theatre. Clif. Tayleure, who writes the play bills for that house, says it was writ by the late lamentable Mr. Shakespeare. *I* don't believe it. I believe Clif. has been imposed on. Bill Shakespeare was a person which was considered smart, and writ and acted for a livin'. What is "Midsummer Night's Dream," anyhow? A passel of women running after men, through the woods; actually trying to make them love them, like them disreputable cusses we read of in the bible, who sought to inveigle Joseph, but could'nt, because Joseph was a moral person, and did'nt want to have anything to do with such characters. Why, they went on so at him, and held onto him so tight, that Jo. had nearly every stitch of clothes torn off his back before he could shake 'em off. A nice set was they; I wonder they was ever mentioned in such a book. And them women in "Midsummer Night's Dream" isn't a bit better. Not satisfied with forcing themselves on to the men, they actually compel 'em to lay around loose in the woods, all night. Mr. Tayleure, out of regard to the morals of the New York community, has provided each person with a separate lounge to sleep on, but does any uneasy person suppose that such women would be satisfied to stay on their own lounges? *No, sir. Clif.* has done well enough to make it appear so, but he can't shut my eyes up. And there's another thing I don't like, the naked little boy Puck; a pooty way to bring up children, letting 'em run round at all hours of the night, and learning the boy immoral practices by inducing him to give the women love powders and such stuff. I believe that boy will end his career on the gallows, although I ought to say that one Oberon, a woman dressed in man's clothing, puts him up to his devilitry. I'm dammed if there's any thing bad going on but what you'll find women at the bottom of it. There's another foolish thing I ought to mention to prove that Bill Shakespeare never writ that play: Mr. Fox, one of the actors, to try how far these frail characters *would* go, puts a pasteboard or shoddy donkey's head over his own, and incredulous as it may seem to the common mind, one of the night walkers makes love to him in that disguise, caressing him and lying down with him out on the common, the two finally going to sleep locked in each other's arms. Does this look like Bill Shakespeare? *No*, sir. I know that Bill writ Richard 3d, because I've got his own book with it in. Now anybody would say *that* play is Shakespeare's, because its natural like. When Richard 3d comes running in, hollering out, 'A horse, a horse, me kingdom for a horse!' that's natural; he knew that without a fast horse to carry him home his kingdom wasn't worth shucks; of course it was not his intention to swop exactly with such odds, though. Otheller is another play of his'n; here we find nature asserting herself again—a black man marrying a white woman, and smothering her to death with a dirty bolster because he got tired of her—now *that's* natural; every day we hear how the blacks are intermarrying with whites, and clubbing 'em when they're done with 'em. How any decent white woman can lay alongside of a nigger, beats my time, and yet some of 'em do it, and they did it in Shakespeare's days—hence his play of Otheller. I hain't got any patience with such women; I'm always glad when I hear of 'em gittin' smothered. I only introduce these incidents to prove the error Clif. Tayleure has been led into by fastening such a miserable play as "Midsummer Night's Dream" on Mister Shakespeare. Another imbecile act in this play is a bit of play actin' by a number of hard workin' mechanics. Now, I have nothin' agin mechanics if they *are* poor; but this I do say, the carpenter had better stick to his own boards, and the tinker to his tin pans, instead of going into a business which they don't know nothing about. Just see what a complete burlesque these workin' men make of their miserable play—one man holding up a bit of canvas to represent a wall, and another carrying a lantern for a moon. Mr. Hayes, the manager of the Olympic, being a scene painter himself, ought to have painted a regular wall scene for these working partis as long as he permitted them to play at all; and then how easy it would have been to have a real moon in one of the other flats. The actin' of these people wasn't bad, for mechanics, mind you, and the spectators seemed to enjoy 'Pyrramus and Thisbe,' which is the title of their prize play, better than 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' which I don't wonder at. The singing wasn't bad, especially the duett where one vile young person sings to another: 'I know a bank,' evidently trying to induce the other to join in a burglarious act, which is only characteristic of the whole play. The scenery is good; in all probability this *is* Shakespeare's. None but a mind like his could have conceived anything so beautiful. I am a commonsooer in painting, having served three weeks with a house painter, and I can conscientiously say that the last scene in this trashy play is the most artistic piece of painting I ever beheld, and well worthy the easel of a Shakespeare. I have no personal dislike to the play—I paid my way to see it, and can therefore speech of it without malice or prejudice—I don't allow myself to be carried away like the common herd by the paid-for comments of the daily papers. In denying the right of Mr. Tayleure to cajole the public into the belief that Shakespeare writ "A Midsummer Night's Dream," I do my duty to the people. I feel sorry for the actors, for they are placed in a false light, and made to assume immoral characters which they naturally cannot feel. There was some nice music in the piece. Meddelsom's music, they call it. Its a great wonder they didn't say *that* was Shakespeare's, too. This is all I have to say. [The compositor will put in bold face type the words—THE ABOVE WAS ALL WRIT AND COMPOSED BY "OUR JIM."

BUSINESS picked up during the early portion of the last week at some of the theatres, although on the few cold nights that followed there was another falling off. There seems to be a good many idle professional people in town, all waiting anxiously for something to turn up. Circus people would like a chance to turn up themselves.

THE HANLON COMBINATION commenced a lengthy stay in this city at the Theatre Comique, on the 6th instant, opening to one of the most densely crowded houses ever seen in that establishment, and many persons were turned away unable to procure even standing room. Business continued the same throughout the week, the house being crammed full every night, also on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The company is one of the most attractive and pleasing we ever saw, every performer being an artist. The Hanlon Brothers—George, William and Alfred—enjoy a world-wide reputation as being among the greatest gymnastic performers of the age. The feats of these brothers are such as to command the loudest applause, and evince an amount of physical training which is truly wonderful. Their act called "The Three Flying Men of the Air," equals, if not surpasses, any aerial act ever before witnessed in this country. It is one of those thrilling exploits in which the laws governing human gravitation and equilibrium seem to be set at defiance. It is one of the most astonishing feats of the age, and places these brothers at the head of their profession. Such a spontaneous outburst of applause as greeted them while they were doing this act, we have seldom heard; the audience, not satisfied with the clapping of hands and pounding on the floor with canes, gave cheer upon cheer, which lasted for some time. The next act worthy of praise is that of M'lle. Gertrude, with her performing dogs, consisting of seven milk white poodles, who go through some of the most amusing and difficult feats that we ever before saw attempted by any troupe of performing dogs. We have seen all that appeared in this country, and the present troupe surpasses all other exhibitions of a similar character in aptitude and sagacity. Every kind of feat that other dogs do these have been taught to perform, besides many never before done by others. Among their most difficult feats is that of backing up and backing down a ladder, jumping through a hoop blazing with fire, leaping over seven chairs, besides many other acts. The performance by Harry Gurr is the next in point of merit. Mr. Gurr enters a large square tank, about nine feet long, seven feet high, and three feet wide, with wooden sides and back, and glass front. This tank is filled with water, and Mr. Gurr appears clothed in armor, with his face exposed. He is introduced to the audience by Rufus Somerby, the manager of the company, who describes what Mr. Gurr will do. He then enters the aquarium, and goes through a great many astonishing feats, such as turning somersaults, sitting down and eating, drinking from a bottle, and smoking a pipe—all while in the water, together with various other remarkable feats. By the watch, he remained under water fifty three seconds, and he is said to have remained on certain occasions nearly two minutes. His powers of respiration must be really wonderful. Many persons think that this act is an illusion, and done by the aid of glass reflectors; but we can assure our readers that everything is done as represented, and no illusion. The performances on the horizontal bar, by four boys, named respectively Albert, Arthur, Jean and Victor, are very clever. They are the best "young performers" we have seen do this act. They were enthusiastically cheered each evening. The revolving globe act done by these boys is also a meritorious performance. George Hanlon's feat with seven glass decanters called "pyramide crystal" is very well done, so was the performance with two slouch hats kept in the air with sticks by Wm. and Alfred Hanlon. On being recalled they gave two solos on the concertina, which were played well. The Giraffe dance was also amusing, but the most laughable portion of the programme was the miniature circus, consisting of a small ring placed upon the stage, in which a pony runs, ridden by a dog equal to many equestrians we have seen in a regular circus. The dog vaults, leaps over banners, through balloons and does other feats; but the most laughable is when he leaps from the pony to a board that is held over the horse for the dog to jump over. Instead of going over this board he leaps upon it and waits until the pony has gone around the circle; when he reaches the board again the dog jumps down upon his back and continues around the circle, driving the pony. The act ends by a steeple chase with all the dogs driven pell mell around the ring. Taken altogether, the performance given by the Hanlon Combination is one of the most novel, attractive and pleasing that we have witnessed for a long time, and deserves the extensive patronage bestowed upon it by the public. Le Petite Ethardo will shortly appear in his act called "The Spiral Mountain."

PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE opened for the first time to the public on the 9th inst., with a performance of "Il Trovatore," by the Brignoli and La Grange Italian Opera Troupe. The public has been on the *qui vive* for some time in regard to the new house and the company, and as far as we are able to judge after a single hearing, the public have not been disappointed. The house was crowded in all its parts, with an audience fashionable in the extreme. In fact we never saw a more brilliant array of lovely faces, more enthusiasm, or a greater lavishness of applause. The appearance of Anna De La Grange was quite an event among the *dilletanti*. The memory of her bewitching voice had remained in all hearts, and as soon as she appeared on the stage she was received with applause. She sang with a taste, a pathos, a charm impossible for our pen to describe. She astonished everybody with her grace and *bravoure*. Her *sotto voce* was clear and pure. Adelaide Phillips, who appeared as the Gipsy, was well received. She is a conscientious singer and does all correctly. Brignoli, as usual, when he gets in the humor, disappointed the audience and did not appear. His *role* was filled by Sig. Massimiliani. At the conclusion of the fourth act Mr. Pike was called before the curtain, and said that he supposed that he was expected either to make a speech or sing a song. He said that he never sang but twice in his life, one of the songs being "Wilt thou live in this Cottage with me?" and she wilted, and "We won't go home till morning does appear." He further said, "I have built three opera houses, and this one can speak better in my behalf than I can." He then retired, when Mr. Thomas, the architect, was summoned, and he bowed his acknowledgements from a private box. The receipts are said to have been about $4,000.

THE RICHINGS OPERA TROUPE terminate its present engagement at the Academy of Music with the close of the present week. "La Sonnambula" was given on the 7th inst., with Caroline Richings as Amina, Castle as Elvino, S. C. Campbell as the Count and Jas. Arnold as Allessio. This opera is generally admitted to be one of Bellini's most exquisite productions, and it is creditable to a New York audience to say that the opera was attentively listened to throughout the whole piece. Miss Richings was applauded throughout. Mr. Castle, as Elvino, supported the high character he has acquired as a tenor of considerable celebrity. "Take now this Ring, 'tis thine Love," with Amina, and chorus, afforded Mr. Castle an opportunity of proving the beautiful softness, pliancy and brilliancy of his voice. "Still So Gently O'er Me Stealing" was greeted with great applause. Mr. Campbell possesses an organ of powerful volume and scope, and is a very clever actor. On the 8th inst. "Bohemian Girl" was presented in capital style. The house was full and the audience fashionable in the extreme. On the 9th the troupe performed in Brooklyn, as the Opera House had been previously engaged for the Americus Ball. "Faust" was given on the 10th, and this evening Wallace's opera of "The Desert Flower" is to be produced for the first time.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS gives performances every Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, which are very largely attended, particularly by the little folks, and the entertainments are of a *recherche* and attractive character. The pantomime of "The Miser of Bagdad" has been gotten up, and the management has succeeded in producing something that keeps all present in the best of humor. In addition to the pantomime, the equestrian performances are as attractive as ever. The equestrianism of Mlle. Henriettta and John Henry, and the performances of the balance of he company make up a first-class entertainment.

SAIL THE SEAS OVER.—Harry Wall, Emilie Melville and Lawrence P. Barrett sailed for California on the 11th instant. Harry Wall returns to the golden regions with the intention of remaining there some time, to act as agent for dramatic stars who visit that country. Emilie Melville is under engagement to Messrs. Edwards, Bates and Vinson, to commence on Feb. 31, at the Metropolitan theatre, San Francisco. Mr. Barrett pays his own passage, and goes without any secured engagement. He had been negotiating with Maguire for some time, and having stated that he was going, and Maguire failing to accede to his terms, Mr. Barret goes out on his own hook.

GROSS RECEIPTS OF OUR PLACES OF AMUSEMENT FOR THE YEAR 1867.—The following is given as a correct statement of the receipts of our various places of amusement in this city for twelve months, and as these statements have to be sworn to by the treasurer and managers of the different establishments, they are no doubt reliable. It must be borne in mind that the returns from the New York Circus include its tenting season, when it visited the towns in the Eastern Country, commencing May 6, and closing Oct. 5, making five months out of the year that it took a large amount of the receipts given below. Niblo's Garden, with the "Black Crook," has done the biggest business in town, its receipts being within forty-two dollars greater than the combined receipts of the Broadway, New York Theatre, Fifth Avenue, and the French Theatre:—

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

April	$29,882	October	$23,981
May	68,956	November	23,000
June	3,588	December	7,600
September	8,082		
Total			$165,089

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.

January	$46,290	August	$23,415
February	43,610	September	30,625
March	42,515	October	37,545
April	35,680	November	35,988
May	33,119	December	39,485
June	28,212		
July	24,640	Total	$421,124

BANVARD'S MUSEUM.

August	$7,938	November	$12,000
October	26,528		
Total			$46,466

BROADWAY THEATRE.

January	$9,710	August	$16,781
February	10,530	September	24,262
March	5,322	October	12,688
April	26,415	November	16,954
May	15,962	December	15,600
June	10,895		
July	8,982	Total	$174,101

BOWERY THEATRE.

January	$8,894	August	$4,239
February	6,130	September	5,209
March	7,411	October	8,112
April	12,851	November	7,894
May	4,977	December	6,400
June	4,565		
July	5,192	Total	$87,374

BUTLER'S AMERICAN THEATRE.

January	$7,300	September	$6,387
February	7,000	October	5,628
March	6,000	November	7,625
April	4,800	December	6,500
June	5,657		
July	5,585	Total	$62,482

NEW YORK CIRCUS AND AMPHITHEATRE.

January	$12,070	August	$7,938
February	10,268	September	43,435
March	9,763	October	17,921
April	10,045	November	12,499
May	10,208	December	18,012
June	28,768		
July	10,303	Total	$186,230

FRENCH THEATRE.

January	$6,394	October	$22,875
February	2,912	November	11,950
August	5,183	December	10,000
September	14,418		
Total			$73,732

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS.

January	$5,956	August	$6,280
February	5,462	September	6,317
March	5,391	October	7,649
April	6,034	November	7,028
May	7,180	December	6,500
June	4,181		
July	868	Total	$68,846

NIBLO'S THEATRE.

January	$52,940	August	$35,461
February	48,641	September	42,990
March	51,938	October	43,762
April	43,859	November	38,769
May	38,702	December	39,500
June	38,466		
July	30,846	Total	$505,864

NEW YORK THEATRE.

January	$12,659	August	$16,290
February	10,016	September	22,730
March	9,400	October	8,090
April	4,212	November	9,625
May	9,339	December	9,500
June	7,973		
July	7,275	Total	$127,109

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

January	$15,950	September	$21,969
February	14,971	October	30,745
March	16,463	November	34,691
April	13,418	December	35,400
May	14,315		
June	9,657	Total	$216,969
July	9,490		

FIFTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE.

January	$3,128	September	$6,632
February	3,501	October	6,232
March	4,042	November	3,867
April	3,669	December	5,400
May	4,527		
June	2,691	Total	$43,690

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.

January	$10,220	September	$8,809
February	9,306	October	9,274
March	9,224	November	8,683
April	8,931	December	8,500
May	8,493		
June	5,648	Total	$92,279
August	5,190		

STADT THEATRE.

January	$6,850	October	$14,881
February	7,987	November	13,490
March	8,609	December	13,500
May	11,659		
June	1,834	Total	$92,337
September	13,527		

STEINWAY HALL.

This establishment pays an annual license tax of $100 for occasional concerts, at which the receipts during the past year were about $120,000
Add Dickens' readings, in December, say 28,000
Total $148,000

THEATRE COMIQUE.

This theatre began operations in August, 1867. The receipts have been;—

August	$3,000	November	$7,801
September	9,000	December	7,950
October	8,655		
Total			$36,406

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE.

January	$7,097	August	$6,534
February	8,133	September	6,450
March	8,864	October	8,693
April	7,786	November	7,138
May	8,671	December	7,450
June	7,000		
July	700	Total	$84,516

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

January	$25,491	August	$20,569
February	26,085	September	4,742
March	21,388	October	20,812
April	28,324	November	24,720
May	29,915	December	25,000
June	11,391		
July	12,890	Total	$246,327

BROOKLYN.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

January	$6,555	August	4,000
February	10,040	September	12,506
March	12,319	October	6,551
April	8,370	November	1,065
May	8,696	December	2,400
June	497		
July	2,909	Total	$74,908

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS.

January	$3,787	August	$3,784
February	4,618	September	4,227
March	3,847	October	4,817
April	3,618	November	3,847
May	3,287	December	4,018
June	3,414		
July	3,285	Total	$46,549

PARK THEATRE.

January	$8,281	July	$2,650
February	6,541	September	7,603
March	8,368	October	10,355
April	8,506	November	11,403
May	7,129	December	9,638
June	5,627		
Total			$86,101

EDDY'S OPERA HOUSE (WILLIAMSBURG).

January	$1,857	July	$580
February	2,275	September	2,518
March	2,980	October	4,536
April	2,257	November	4,233
May	3,470	December	3,653
June	3,189		
Total			$31,548

RECAPITULATION.

NEW YORK CITY.

Academy of Music	$165,089
Barnum's Museum	421,124
Broadway Theatre	174,101
Bowery Theatre	87,374
Butler's American Theatre	62,482
Banvard's Museum	46,466
Circus and Amphitheatre	186,230
French Theatre	73,732
Kelly & Leon's Minstrels	68,846
Niblo's Theatre	505,864
New York Theatre	127,109
Olympic Theatre	216,069
Fifth Avenue Opera House	43,690
San Francisco Minstrels	92,279
Stadt Theatre	92,337
Steinway Hall	148,000
Theatre Comique	36,406
Tony Pastor's	84,516
Wallack's Theatre	246,327
New York Total	$2,878,041

BROOKLYN.

Academy of Music	$74,908
Hooley's Minstrels	46,549
Park Theatre	86,101
Eddy's Opera House	31,548
Brooklyn Total	$239,106
New York City	$2,456,917
Brooklyn	239,106

THE HI-YAH-TA-KEE TROUPE of "Japs" arrived in this city on the 2d instant. They open at the Academy of Music next week.

F. M. BATES, at present one of the managers of the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., arrived in this city on the 9th instant. He is in search of talent for the Pacific Slope, and expects to return by the steamer of the 21st instant.

ALICIA MANDEVILLE THORNE, at present in San Francisco, Cal., contemplates another visit to this city. She expects to arrive here early in February, but not to play.

GUISEPPI GUIDICINI died in this city on the 7th inst. He first visited this country with the Montreser Opera Troupe, in 1832, as a scenic artist. His first public effort was the decorating of the National Theatre, corner of Leonard and Church streets, and his last, Pike's Opera House, in this city, which he had completed only the day before his death. He was the first artist of note who introduced fresco painting in this country.

FANNY KEMBLE purposes giving a few readings in the principal cities before she returns to England. She will commence a series in this city on March 14.

BROOKHOUSE BOWLER, formerly the tenor in the Cooper English Opera Troupe, returned to this city from England, where he has been for about six years, on Dec. 31st, and made his first appearance on the 12th inst. at Steinway Hall, in one of Harrison's concerts. Miss Clementine Barnard also made her *debut* in concert.

"THE WHITE FAWN," after careful preparation and many rehearsals by day and night, is announced for production at Niblo's Garden on the 15th instant. It is a fairy spectacular pantomime in a prologue and three acts, written by James Mortimer, an English author. All the scenery has been painted expressly for it, and everything done to make it a success. The three Hemming Brothers—Harry, James, and George—celebrated as pantomimists, from England, will appear as Clown, Harlequin, and Pantaloon; and Annie Bennett as Columbine. Mark Smith, Geo. Vining Bowers, E. B. Holmes, Fanny Stockton, Mena Montague, Lucy Egerton (the last two from London), and Lizzie Wetmore, are also in the cast. The *ballet* will be led by Bonfanti, Billon and Sohlke.

LOTTA, the most successful star that has appeared in this city for a long time, and who crowded Wallack's Theatre during the hot months, commences an engagement at the Broadway Theatre on the 27th instant. She will no doubt be welcomed by a crowded house, as she has been all through the country. This is certainly a most fortunate engagement for the management of this house, as the establishment has not been doing much of late. Lotta is a strong card, and will bring back the stray ones to the fold.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY continues in high favor with the lovers of amusement in this city, and deservedly so, for we have two of the best companies ever organized. While Kelly and Leon's has its regular patrons, the San Francisco Minstrels hold their own and appear each evening before delighted audiences in as select a programme as can be offered. For the current week a number of new acts are announced for production, introducing all the favorites in their specialities.

THE ARRIVAL OF CHARLES DICKENS in this country is the subject of a funny sketch to be produced at Butler's American Theatre this evening. The first appearance of Louise, the drummer girl, is also announced.

THE LAST SENSATION in the amusement world is the arrival in this city of "The Fakir of Bramah," who has leased the Fifth Avenue Theatre for the purpose of showing what he can do in the magic world. In addition to his prestidigitatorial performances, he announces that he will give away to the audience each evening two hundred dollars in greenbacks, consisting of a fifty dollar bill, four ten's, six five's, fifty one's, and sixty half dollars.

CHARLES HEYWOOD, an impersonator of burlesque female characters in the minstrel business, commences an engagement at Kelly and Leon's Minstrel Hall, this evening, in his specialties. He is from the Alhambra, London. Business was very good last week with this party.

SAM COLLYER commences another engagement at Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening, together with his pupils, Dan and Eddie, who will appear in a triple clog dance, song and dance, and club exercises. The Christmas pantomime has been withdrawn, and a new local drama, called "Broadway and Bowery," is produced this evening.

THE ONE HUNDREDTH PERFORMANCE of "Under the Gaslight" took place at the Worrell Sisters' New York Theatre, on the 11th inst., and, next to the "Black Crook," has proved the most successful production witnessed in this city for some time. With the exception of the evenings of the 9th and 10th insts., when the weather was extremely cold, the house was crowded, as it has been almost every night it has been produced. Wishing to vary the entertainment, the management announce that "Under the Gaslight" and a new dramatization of "The Pickwick Papers," by Augustin Daly, will be given on alternate nights.

THE TWELFTH and last week but two of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" commences this evening at the Olympic Theatre. On the 8th inst. the *role* of Theseus, previously played by Harry Wall, was assumed by E. Tarr Sinclair; with this exception, and that of the *role* of Oberon, the cast remains the same as when first produced at this establishment. The attendance the past week was very good.

"OLIVER TWIST," which has been the greatest success at Wallack's since Lotta appeared there, was withdrawn on the 11th. Lester Wallack, the manager of the house, makes his annual appearance this evening. It would have paid better to have retained Oliver.

DICKENS showed for the last time, for the present, in this city, on the 10th. He comes again in April.

GEO. BONIFACE takes a benefit at the Bowery Theatre on the 17th inst., when an attractive bill will be presented.

MR. G. VANDENHOFF is announced to give a reading of Dickens' "Christmas Carol," etc., at Dodworth Hall, on the 13th. After Dickens, the deluge.

"PEEP O' DAY" is the nightly attraction at the Broadway Theatre. Business is not good.

JAPANESE TROUPES continue to invade our peaceful shores. Another party will show here on the 24th. Risley and Maguire got the cream of the Japanese trade with their troupe.

BELLE BOYD and a made-up-for-the-occasion dramatic company gave a performance at the French Theatre on the 9th inst., before a very small and undelighted audience. We could have foretold Belle of this long ago.

RIVERS & CO., the dramatic agents of this city, again display their wants and make known the nature of their business in this week's CLIPPER. For details read their programme in another column.

THE COMPANY at present performing at the Theatre Comique, Boston, will commence a brief engagement at the Theatre Comique, in this city, after the Hanlon Transatlantic Combination close their present stay there.

MESSRS. LOWELL AND SIMMONDS, proprietors of the International Dramatic and Equestrian Agency of this city, advertise their present wants in this week's CLIPPER, to which the profession generally should not fail to refer.

THE HANLON BROTHERS—Thomas, Fred and Eddie—sailed from England on the 8th inst., and will arrive here on or about the 21st inst.

ANNIE KEMP and Brookhouse Bowler sing at Harrison's Concert next Sunday evening.

JOHN SMITH, the original John, and well known in the profession, is at present in this city.

THE "WHITE FAWN" has been copyrighted, and Managers Wheatley, Jarrett and Palmer—in an advertisement elsewhere—caution managers against using its title, or the mechanical and scenic effects, which have also been patented.

Dramatic.

JOHN F. LIBBY, scenic artist, of Lowell, Mass., is prepared to execute all orders in his line. See his cards in this issue.

GARLAND'S BURLESQUE COMPANY, lately performing at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in this city, opened in Lowell, Mass., on the 6th inst., at Music Hall, in "Cinderella" and "Too Much for Good Nature." Our correspondent says:—"Mr. Leffingwell's rendition of Clarinda has been stamped as the *ne plus ultra* of burlesque representations. Millie Sackett, gay and sprightly as ever, was well received upon her appearance. Miss Blanche Chapman, as Cinderella, gave an excellent impersonation of the part. The rest of the characters were well sustained by the remainder of the company. 'Ye Legend of Ye Grand Queen Bess' was produced on the 7th, 8th and 9th instant, to crowded houses. Mr. Leffingwell sustained the *role* of Queen Bess; Miss Chapman made an excellent Earl of Essex; Mrs. Leffingwell as Lady Howard, and Millie Sacket as Sir Francis Bacon, are worthy of all praise. Sol Smith's make up in the character of Don Diego De Mendoza, was inimitable. The company play in Portland, Me., next (this) week."

J. HOLMES GROVER, the young Irish Comedian, has been favorably received in Rochester, N. Y., where he opened on the 6th inst., at the Opera House. A correspondent, writing under date of Jan. 10th, says:—"The 'Black Crook,' with all its dazzling effects, has just left us, and given place to a new feature to the citizens of Rochester in J. Holmes Grover, the Irish comedian, who opened on the 6th to a very respectable house, but not a crowded one. He could not have selected a worse season than that immediately after the 'Crook,' which has been draining the citizens of their loose money for five weeks. Mr. Grover's bow to a Rochester audience was met with overwhelming applause, and from the very first he created a favorable opinion, and at the close of the first act was called before the curtain, as well as that of each succeeding act and at the termination of the performance was again brought out by a unanimous call, and a 'speech' loudly called for from every part of the house. Mr. Grover said: 'Ladies and gentlemen—the honor you do me, as our mutual friend, the Countess of Mollingar, would say—is prodigious. I trust, when I tell you, that for the past few days I have unfortunately been laboring under the severest stages of hoarseness, and quite an attack of sore throat, you will pardon my saying more than I would be absolutely necessitated upon the occasion. I cannot, however, resist this opportunity of tendering you my warmest thanks for the very kind manner with which you have received me this evening. During the balance of the week, when I shall have the pleasure of appearing before you, I can safely assure you that Mr. Myers, as well as our very worthy stage manager, Mr. Nourse, will do all in their respective powers to make each and every evening's performance pass off in an agreeable manner.' On Tuesday night, the business ran up to nearly double that of the opening night. He was again brought out, and a speech insisted upon which was delivered in his usual easy and graceful manner. Every evening his songs and jigs have been enthusiastically *encored*, and the press of Rochester has already pronounced him the Charles Lever of the American stage. On the 7th instant was produced Mr. Grover's new comedy-drama, for the first time in America. The drama is a four act one, and abounds with many new and startling situations. It is called "The Coiners; or, The Bould Boy of Kilkenny," with Mr. Grover in the *role* of the Bould Boy. The piece opens with a gambling scene in a London club room, and is one of the most effective scenes of the kind ever produced before a Rochester audience. The second act opens with a real Irish shanty, including pigs and other conveniences. The third act includes Life in London, and the fourth and last act is the most exciting counterfeiter's cave that one could possibly imagine. The plot is good, the language chaste, and the whole affair altogether a success. Mr. Grover may well be complimented upon his efforts as an author, and may reasonably look forward to the day when his productions will be ranked side by side with those of any of our aspirants for dramatic fame. Business is good, and the first visit of this young Irish comedian, we trust, may induce a speedy return. The following complimentary notices from the press of this city, will show how successful Mr. Grover has been in Rocheste. "J. Holmes Grover commenced an engagement at this theatre last Monday evening, and has already won for himself quite a reputation among our theatre-goers. As an Irish comedian he ranks high, and came to this city with strong commendations from the press. He makes every character he sustains prominent and distinct; his drollery keeps an audience in continual laughter, and the comic situations he assumes require seeing to be appreciated. Last night a new drama was brought out, entitled 'The Coiners, or the Bould Boy of Kilkenny,' written by Mr. Grover. The plot is good, the characters well drawn, and the effects produced throughout the piece are novel and interesting. It will be repeated this evening, and will no doubt draw another fashionable audience."—*Daily Advertiser.* "Mr. Grover appeared last night in the character of Teddy Nolan, in his own new comedy-drama of 'The Coiners, or The Bould Boy of Kilkenny,' to a very appreciative audience. The piece having made a decided 'hit,' will be repeated again this evening only. Mr. Grover has already succeeded in making himself a great favorite, and is nightly *encored*, and brought before the curtain. His delineations of Irish character are good and free from anything pertaining to vulgarity."—*Evening Express*, Jan. 9. "The popularity which Mr. Grover has acquired during his brief stay among us is very great, judging from the size of the houses at the theatre. The play last night was 'Handy Andy,' one of the best and drollest of Lover's tales, which was dramatised by Mr. Grover for his own acting. His delineation of the Irish character is very good, fully equal to any that we have ever seen, and he never descends into the vulgarities which other actors in that line occasionally practise to draw out a laugh at the expense of propriety. The afterpiece was 'The Irish Tutor,' which excited the merriment of the spectators to an extreme degree."—*Daily Democrat.*

THEATRICALS IN SAN FRANCISCO are represented as being in a flourishing condition. A "New Yorker," recently arrived in that city, sends us the following summary of dramatic intelligence under date of Dec. 17:—"FRIEND FRANK.—After one of the most pleasant sea voyages that I have ever experienced, I arrived here on the 13th to find California in all her glorious costume, green hills on all sides smiling a welcome to all comers. Business of all kinds is in a most flourishing condition, and in the dramatic line I never saw the prospects look brighter......Miss Fanny Young, who arrived here about two weeks since, appeared at Maguire's Opera House last evening, 16th, in the drama of 'Our Village,' and the burlesque of 'Rum-ti-Foozle.' The house was literally packed, and, with the exception of a slight nervousness always incident to a first night in a new country, the lady acquitted herself to the entire satisfaction of her audience. 'Under the Gaslight,' now in its fourth week, has been an immense success. It is to be followed by the 'Flying Scud,' which will be produced next week......At the Olympic, Kitty O'Neil is the reigning star. Business here is very fine......The Webb Sisters, who arrived on the last steamer, will make their first appearance on Monday next, the 23d, at Maguire's Opera House. From present indications they will meet with a very flattering reception. They are stopping at the Occidental Hotel, and are besieged by friends made when here some years ago, who one and all promise them a hearty welcome. Already nearly all the seats are sold for the opening, and I predict for them as great a success as was made by Adams or Bryant.......The Bianchi opera season, inaugurated at the American Theatre, came to grief after a struggle of only two nights. The company was weak, and it is the extremest folly to try and palm off second rate talent on the San Francisco public."

MLLE. ZAVISTOWSKI expected to sail from New Orleans on the 2d inst. for Havana, with a company from the Academy of Music, to produce in Cuba the play of "A Tale of Enchantment."

LEO HUDSON was at the Athenæum, Detroit, Mich., last week. She played "Mazeppa" on the 7th inst.

ELLSLER AND MURRAY, with Helen Western and J. A. Herne as the attractions, were at Janesville, Wis., last week.

MILTON NOBLES joined Mills' dramatic company last week to do leading business. He appeared as Tom Robinson in "Never Too Late to Mend."

MILLS' DRAMATIC COMPANY opened at Music Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 31st, to a slim house. Julia Nelson is the attraction.

MRS. LANDER commences a two nights' engagement in Milwaukee, Wis., on the 13th, and is followed by Ole Bull on the 15th.

MACFARLAND'S DRAMATIC COMPANY was at Beloit, Wis., last week.

AMUSEMENTS in New Orleans for the week ending Dec. 28th, are said to have been fairly patronised, but still there was lacking that old vim and enthusiasm, and general turning out of the denizens of that once gay and festive metropolis one was wont to see about the Christmas holidays. The general hard times, utter stagnation of business and unsettled state of the country, precluded the possibility of much money being invested either in amusements or gifts, much to the disgust of the juveniles. At the Varieties, Mr. Booth commenced his second week on Dec. 30th; he has attracted moderate houses. On Dec. 24th he appeared as Hamlet, supported by Miss Mary McVicker; 25th, Richelieu; 26th, Richard III; 27th, (Mr. Booth's second benefit), he appeared for the first and only time during his engagement as Iago. On the 28th there were two performances. At the *matinee* he appeared as Claude Melnotte, and in the evening as Richard III. On the 29th "Hamlet" was given, and on the 30th, "Richard III."......At the St. Charles the "Black Crook" reigns supreme......The injunction levied by Mr. McDonough upon the Academy of Music for producing "A Tale of Enchantment," said to be the "Black Crook" in disguise, was amicably settled by Dr. Spaulding and Mr. McDonough. The judge in the case failed to render a decision, and being decidedly puzzled, the affair was left to arbitration, and the arbitrators decided in favor of Mr. McDonough. A "Tale of Enchantment" was to have been withdrawn at the Academy on Jan. 4th...... At the Opera House, "La Reine de Chypre" and the usual operas have been presented......The National has been giving German drama......On Dec. 29th, the performance at the Academy was a gala one, being the farewell benefit to Mlle. Leah previous to her departure for Cuba. Among those who volunteered were the Miaco Brothers, Johnny Regan and a host of others........ The same correspondent under date of January 6th, says: "Mr. Booth's engagement closes on the 4th, after appearing to large and several crowded houses. Dec. 30th, 'Hamlet' was produced for the last time, Miss Mary McVicker appearing as Ophelia. January 1st, 'Richard III;' January 2d, 'Richelieu;' 3d, 'Richard III.' On the 4th there were two performances, afternoon and evening. On the whole, Mr. Booth's engagement has been fair, in spite of hard times and the advanced price of admission ......The Varieties was closed on January 5th to facilitate the production of the 'Peep O' Day'......At the St. Charles the 'Black Crook' continues the attraction......At the Orleans Opera House, on Dec, 31st, was presented 'Trovatore.' Jan. 1st, was the first night of a new comedy in five acts entitled 'Les Folies Dramatic and Les Rendezvous Bourgeois;' an opera in one act with new scenery. 'Faust' was given on January 2d, 'Crown Diamonds' on 3d and 4th, and Jan. 5th, 'Robert le Diable'—something unusual for a Sunday performance...... The National Theatre closed this week for want of patronage ......At the Academy of Music 'A Tale of Enchantment' was withdrawn on Jan. 2d, when the Variety company was inaugurated, introducing both old and new faces and favorites. The following is a list of the company: Messrs Delehanty and Hengler, Add Ryman, Richard Davis, Alfred Stewart, the Miaco Brothers, W. Carter, Luke Schoolcraft, Sanford, Harry Bloodgood, G. C. Thompson, Angelo Jules, Kate Wood and M'lle Leah. On Jan 4th, there were two performances at this house.

AT COL. WOODS MUSEUM, Chicago, the versatile actress Miss Jennie Hight, who commenced a two weeks star engagement on Monday, Dec. 30th, has gained a well merited popularity, and served to fill the lecture room nightly. The first three nights of her engagement she appeared as Don Leander in the "Invisible Prince," and the last three nights and one *matinee* in the "French Spy," to excellent houses, we are told. She commenced the past week with a new play entitled "Aurora."

MISS M. W. PENNOYER, leading lady, who is now in St. Louis, can be engaged for the remainder of the season. See card.

IN WASHINGTON, D. C., Mr. J. E. Owens closed his engagement of two weeks at the National Theatre on the 4th inst. Mr. John Brougham followed Mr. Owens, opening on the 6th inst. and presenting his own comedy, "Playing with Fire," Mr. Brougham appearing as Dr. Savage, Mr. C. Vandenhoff as Herbert Waverly, Mr. Allen as Uncle Timothy, Mr. E. Lamb as Pinchbeck, Annie Waite as Mrs. Waverly, Mrs. Viola Barrett as Mrs. Dr. Savage, and Mrs. Grattan as the Widow Crabstick. Our correspondent, Novice, writes:—"It was designed that Mr. Brougham should open in his new play, the 'Lottery of Life,' and preparations were extensively made for its production; but suddenly a change was made, and the comedy named above was substituted. Mr. Brougham's Dr. Savage was, as usual, a satisfactory performance. He was called before the curtain, and before retiring made some very amusing remarks, which were highly relished. Miss Annie Waite showed a proper appreciation of the character assumed, and received, as she merited, the unanimous applause of the house. Mr. Vandenhoff performed his part to the satisfaction of the critical audience. Mr. Lamb made a very good Pinchbeck, and Mrs. Barrett, by her clever acting, frequently received the tribute of loud applause. The piece was well sustained throughout. 'David Copperfield' and a 'Gentleman from Ireland,' formed the bill on the 7th inst. The bill of the 6th was repeated on the 8th inst. On the 9th, 'Pocahontas' and the two act Irish comedy, 'His Last Legs,' were given. In the former, Mr Brougham appeared in his original *role* of Powhatan, and as usual pleased greatly. Mr. E. Lamb appeared as Smith, but it was not a satisfactory rendition; a little more study and attention to details would have insured success. Mrs. Viola Barrett did not succeed much better as Pocahontas. The performance, on the whole, appeared as though the play had been cast at very short notice. Mr. Brougham made a clever hit while reciting his lines in the tag of the play, just as many in the audience were rising to leave, by changing the line, 'A citizen's first duty is to keep the peace' to 'A citizen's first duty is to keep his seat.' 'Dombey and Son,' with a cast embracing the names of Brougham, Sheridan, Vandenhoff, Foster, Bland, Allen, Lamb, Parkhurst, Mrs. Grattan, Annie Waite, Viola Barrett and Miss Plunkett, and the burlesque of 'Pocahontas,' are announced for this evening (10th), and for to-morrow evening (11th), 'David Copperfield' and 'Pocahontas' will be given. Thus far the engagement of Mr. Brougham has been very successful, and he can pride himself upon having treated the Washington public to some of the best acting that has been presented to their critical taste for many a day. Mr. Brougham's new play, the 'Lottery of Life,' will be given on the 13th inst......Messrs. J. W. Wallack and E. L. Davenport, with a company of New York artists, open Wall's Opera House on the 13th, presenting for the inaugural performance Tom Taylor's elegant comedy, 'Still Waters Run Deep.' Mr. J. Schonberg is announced as the business manager and treasurer."

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, San Francisco, Cal., which has lately been fitted up in good style by Messrs. Edwards, Bates and Vinson, is said to be enjoying a run of good business. Since the opening night prosperity has rewarded the efforts of the new managers. Stars wishing to visit the Pacific Slope have the most liberal inducements offered them by the managers, whose card will be found in another column.

IT IS LIBELOUS to deny that Tony Denier is some at somersaults, somer as a clown, and somest as a man monkey, and managers will miss it if they don't go for him. His address will be found in an advertisement in the CLIPPER.

"MONTE CHRISTO" was in its third week at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, last week, with the following cast:—J. W. Hill in six characters, John Ellsler as Old Dantes and the Abbe De Friar, and Miss Clara Harris as Mercedes.'

T. E. MILLS' DRAMATIC COMPANY opened in Milwaukee, Wis., on Dec. 31st, in "Susan Hopley" to a slim house, and business during the week was not good. On Jan. 6th a complimentary benefit was tendered to Mr. Mills, when the following artists volunteered:—J. C. Wallace, John Denier, W. V. Bryer, the Hager Brothers and Miss Maggie Willett, besides the full company. The "Barrack Room" was produced with Julia Nelson as Clarissa—John Denier's stilt walking was well received. "Katherine and Petruchio" followed with W. V. Breyer as Petruchio. The double clog dance by the Hager Brothers was warmly applauded. The performances concluded with "Irish Assurance," with Miss Maggie Willett as Nancy Stokes, and E. C. Buell as Pat.

AT THE MOBILE, ALA., THEATRE, business, says our correspondent, writing under date of Jan. 6th, "has been poor for the holidays. Dec. 30th, 'Ten Nights in a Bar Room' was presented. On the 31st, the 'Cowbellogians' occupied the theatre with their tableaux. On Jan. 1st, the 'Seven Sisters' was put on the boards and run during the week, with the following cast:—Arthur Stunner, J. Chatterson; Snail, Mark Brooke; Cuffe, W. P. Sheldon; Mr. Pluto, Wm. Petrie; Mrs. Pluto, Oliver B. Doud; Diavoline, Kate Estelle; Tartarine, Lottie Howland, and Mary Springleaf, Blanche Bradshaw. The piece was well put upon the stage, with John E. McDonough's old scene of the 'Birth of Cupid in the Bower of Ferns.' Messrs. Doud, Brooke, Sheldon, and the Misses Estelle, Howland, and Bradshaw are deserving of especial mention for the manner they acquitted themselves in their respective *roles*."

MARK BROOKE, of the Mobile, Ala., Theatre, has secured a full dramatic company, with brass and string band, and intends invading the principal towns of Pennsylvania and New York about the 1st of April. C. Matthews is engaged as stage manager, and Emmett Coleman advance agent. "Rip Van Winkle," "Arrah Na Pogue," "Colleen Bawn," and "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" are in his *repertoire*.

G. C. BONIFACE can be secured for brief engagements by managers throughout the country. His *repertoire* of pieces is said to be large. His address will be found elsewhere.

OF CHICAGO THEATRICALS we are advised by our correspondent,

"Lotterer," who, under date of Jan. 8th, says:—"The last week of 'Undine,' at the Opera House, is announced, and we must, on Jan. 11th, bid good-bye to the graceful Venturoli, the pleasing Wesmael, the beautiful Fontani and Schlages, the wonderful Lupo and his dashing sister, Miss Thorne and her sweet songs, saucy Katie Putnam, the funny Hernandez, G. W. Jackson, the favorite tenor, and the many soloists, *corypheus*, nymphs and fairies who for six weeks have contributed their share to the grandest spectacle it has ever been our good fortune to witness. The memory of the splendid scenery by Getz is all that will be left of his tribute to Christmas, but who can tell when the songs of 'Undine' will cease to be hummed and whistled throughout Chicago? The song 'Let Me Like a Soldier Die,' by Jackson, is the only new feature this week. Mlle Venturoli may safely consider herself the greatest favorite, if hearty and repeated *encores* can be received as evidence. Jean Lander, Fanny Janauschek, and the English Italian Opera follow 'Undine' at intervals.....Miss Jennie Hight continues her star engagement at the Museum throughout the week, appearing as Aurora in the play by the same name, written for Miss Hight, and produced on the 6th inst., for the first time. The play is of the sensation order. In the first act Miss Jennie is very acceptable. Le Moyne as Tidler Winks, and Holland as Mrs. Winks, embody the humor of the piece..... 'Under the Gaslight' is on the boards at McVicker's, the house being a trifle better than they were last week. Rainford's benefit, on the 4th inst., was poorly attended. Dan Bryant, who is a great favorite in Chicago, commences here on the 13th inst..... Ole Bull's concerts were interrupted by the burning of Farwell Hall, which disaster occurred yesterday forenoon. Cause not yet known. Ole Bull will continue his series at Library Hall. He is doing very well here, and is assisted by Mad. Varian Hoffman and the Light Guard Band of this city."

"THE HEART OF THE GREAT CITY" is to be brought out with Booth's Boston Theatre Company, at Providence, R. I., on the 20th inst, with R. Johnston and Nellie Germon in the leading parts. Managers, to secure this attraction and star artists, should make a note of their card in our advertising columns.

THEATRICAL PEOPLE find it very necessary to patronize the engraver's art to help them on to success, and are often puzzled to find out where to go. The CLIPPER advertising columns will solve this difficulty hereafter, as therein may be found Roylance and Purcell's card.

HARRY CLIFFORD is in winter quarters at Savannah, where he is making himself heard and popular as low comedian.

AT THE SAVANNAH, GA., THEATRE, Charlotte Thompson is the shining light. She opened there on the 6th inst. in the "Lady of Lyons," with John Templeton as Claude Melnotte, and O. B. Collins as Beauseant. "Turn Him Out" was also a part of the programme, Clifford as Nicodemus, and Kate Raymond as Susan. On the 7th "Camille," and on the 8th "Romeo and Juliet" were the bills of the play. Business is said to have been A. No. 1.

"THE PUBLIC PRESS AND ITS VICTIMS, ITS VIRTUES AND VICES," is the extensive title of a new play presented for the first time on the 10th inst., at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. The play is said to be well written, and well performed, and met with a most favorable reception. It will be given until further notice.

JOSEPH PROCTOR is at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn.

THIS IS AN APPROPRIATE SEASON FOR COLES; and to prevent this from being a winter of discontent as much as he can, Coles proposes to make a third tour of the New England States. He has just returned from a successful perambulation of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the Canadas. A card of his, of interest to the profession, will be found in our advertising columns.

A LEADING AND JUVENILE LADY are wanted by McKean Buchanan. For how to address, see advertisement.

LUCILLE WESTERN closed her engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 11th inst. She did not meet with the success she has heretofore met with in Philadelphia, and the lady will probably hesitate before visiting that city soon again. She is succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams.

"LIGHT AT LAST" was withdrawn from the boards of the Arch, Philadelphia, on the 10th, and this week Lady Don is fulfilling an engagement.

DICKENS' "NO THOROUGHFARE," produced at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 6th inst., was a failure. It was taken off to give place to something of more general interest.

THE ITALIAN OPERA COMBINATION, which opened at the Philadelphia Academy of Music on the 6th inst., has met with complete success—the audiences being large and respectable and the entertainments offered meeting with great favor. This mixed-up troupe continue there the current week.

FRANK MAYO closed his three weeks' engagement at Memphis, Tenn., on the 4th inst. During the last week of his engagement he appeared as Badger, Damon, Lear, Evelyn, Charles De Moor and Pescara, supported by Mrs. D. R. Allen, who has been for some time rapidly growing in the estimation of the public, and has become quite a favorite. Our correspondent says:—'Mr. Mayo is a most deserving and promising actor, who will, one of these days, be famous. He lacks pathos, and should make that a special study. The delicate shades and minor details once mastered he may command what place he will. His benefit was on the 4th, when he produced the 'Robbers.' He was twice called before the curtain during the performance. Mr. Mayo goes hence to Indianapolis.....Mr. Edwin Booth and Miss Mary McVicker arrived here to day (Jan. 6th), and will commence their engagement to-morrow evening as Romeo and Juliet."

BIDWELL AND LOCKE'S COMPANY opened in Concord, N. H., on the 9th, for three nights in the "Octoroon." They open in Manchester on the 13th, for one night, and go thence to Portsmouth on the 14th, for five nights."

E. EDDY commenced an engagement at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on the 6th inst., opening in "Jack Cade" to a slim house. On the 7th the "Rag Picker of Paris" was presented to a better house, but on the 8th and 9th empty benches in half of the house showed a less gratifying result. "Rip Van Winkle" was the attraction on both evenings, and a very poor attraction it proved. Our correspondent says:—"I can say that 'Rip Van Winkle' was about as poorly played a piece as I have ever seen on the Griswold stage. Mr. Eddy's conception of the title *role* was no more like Jefferson's than chalk is like cheese. It was a very tame performance throughout. Last evening (10th) there was a large house on the occasion of Mr. Eddy's benefit. The entertainment opened with the Indian tragedy of 'Miantinomo,' and Mr. Eddy was frequently applauded for his excellent rendition of the Narragansett Chief. 'Katharine and Petruchio' followed, Miss Henrietta Irving appearing as Katharine to Mr. Eddy's Petruchio. Miss Irving's Katharine was one of the best renditions of the character that I have ever witnessed. Henry Linden's Grumio, S. L. Knapp's Battista and J. E. Nugent's Hortensio were all good. This piece elicited rounds of applause and roars of laughter, and the large audience left the theatre in the best of humor. Mr. Eddy, I understand, remains another week."

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" has enjoyed a run of three weeks at the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y., to a succession of crowded houses. Our correspondent "Arry" says:—"The receipts the first week were over $4,000. Chester's Smorkey has been well enacted, while Carroll shows Byke up in good manner, Page does Ray well. Sam Ryan, as Bermudas, gives us a first rate impersonation of a New York boy. Turner with the Judge to severity. Crosbie's Sam, with songs, made a hit. Mrs. Jennie Carroll and Mrs. Chester were excellent in their respective *roles*. Mrs. Maeder's Judas was an excellent performance. This lady took her leave of us with a farewell benefit on Jan. 7th. She is succeeded by Mrs. Le Brun."

LEO HUDSON commenced an engagement at the Athenæum, Detroit, Mich., on the 6th inst., in "Mazeppa," and repeated the same piece for two evenings. On the 9th the "French Spy" was given, and for her benefit on the 10th "Rookwood." On the 11th "Jack Sheppard" and "Wizard Skiff" were played for her last night. On the 13th, the "Black Crook" was to be brought out by Managers Macauley and Meech, at Young Men's Hall, with the Athenæum company in the cast.

PROF. HUTCHINSON, with his troupe of performing dogs, is at the Opera House, Williamsburg, L. I.

"NOBODY'S CHILD" was produced at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., on the 10th inst., with J. F. Breyer as Joe. 'Under the Gaslight" was announced for the 13th inst.

LOTTA appeared at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, on the 6th, to one of the finest houses seen this season, and, says, our correspondent, "Theo," "the excitement still continues, seats being secured a week in advance, Lotta draws crowds to the theatre nightly to add their mite to the rounds of applause which she receives. Last night (10th), her benefit, the wind was blowing a perfect hurricane, and to add to the discomfort, the snow fell in vast quantities, but the dress circle was filled, and 'standing room only' placed in a prominent position. Lotta continues with us another (this) week."

A FATAL SHOT.—In our issue of Dec. 28th, we's an account of a shooting affair at Atlanta, Geo., on Dec. 14th, whereby Ed. W. Acker, a member of Crisp's dramatic company, shot Mr. Mobley, the treasurer of the company and son-in-law of Mrs. Crisp, during a quarrel. Mr. Acker was arrested, but released the next day on one thousand dollars bail, as Mobley was pronounced out of danger. We now learn that on the 21st of Dec. Mr. Mobley died, and Mr. Acker suddenly disappeared. He is said to have sailed for England.

EDWIN ADAMS played last week at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, to fair houses. He closed on the 11th.

FANNY JANAUSCHEK and troupe were to commence a short season of nine nights at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on Jan. 13th.

A REBUKE.—As the performance was about to close at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y. one night last week, a rush was made by a portion of the audience to get out, when one of the actors stepped to the footlights and said: "Those unmannerly persons who are rushing for the sidewalks so as to be in time to stare at ladies, can leave. When they get out the piece will go on."

MARIETTA RAVEL opens at the Opera House, Rochester, N. Y., on the 20th inst., in "The French Spy."

S. W. GLENN appeared at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 4th and 6th, as Rip Van Winkle, in the play of that name. The support rendered Mr. Glenn was, says our correspondent, "with but one or two exceptions, miserable. Mr. Glenn was very truthful in his representation of Rip Van Winkle, and considering the many disadvantages under which he was working, was excellent throughout."

MACFARLAND'S DRAMATIC COMPANY continue at Davenport, Iowa.

MADAME SCHELLER has closed her third engagement at the Academy of Music, Omaha. The career of "Cinderella" was only stopped by the arrival of the Irish comedian, J. M. Ward, who has played, it is said, to uniformly good houses during the week ending Jan. 4th. Miss Gladstone follows him. Another scenic spectacle, probably the 'Seven Sisters," will be put into rehearsal soon. Manager Corri is doing his utmost to cater to the amusement of the people, and he deserves credit for his constant efforts to produce a variety in his entertainments.

THE BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY occupy the new Opera House at Newport, R. I., on the 14th and 16th inst.

G. A. HOUGH'S "Black Crook" party commence a brief season in Wheeling, W. V., on the 20th inst.

C. W. COULDOCK and daughter continued, up to last advices, at the Salt Lake Theatre. They appeared on December 24 in "Waiting for the Verdict," and 25th in "Rosedale."

THE "BLACK CROOK" was announced to be produced at the Mobile (Ala.) Theatre on the 13th inst., under the direction of John E. McDonough.

"THE FOLLIES OF PUCK" continues the attraction at the Louisville Theatre. Our correspondent says:—"This spectacle is of the leg persuasion, as all modern plays now are, but the merits of this production do not lie in the number and symmetry of these articles, for a worse array of pedal extremities I have seldom seen. For a spectacular piece it is above the ordinary run, and had a good ballet been procured it would have been undoubtedly a success pecuniarily. It will be taken off on the 10th and transferred to New Albany. On the 13th Signor Lotti's Opera Troupe appear at the Louisville Theatre for one week.....Fanny Morgan Phelps has organized a dramatic troupe here, and during the holidays has been playing in New Albany to fair business. Wash. Melville, of the Louisville Theatre, has been playing with her over the river. Mat. Snyder is an excellent young actor, is engaged with the company." "NO THOROUGHFARE" and "Under the Gaslight" were the attractions at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., last week. This week Kate Reignolds is the star, opening on the 13th inst. in "Nobody's Daughter."

"MAUD'S PERIL" was the attraction last week at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, and is announced for the 13th and 15th inst. On the 14th the "Rivals" is to be played. Charles Reed's drama of "Dora" and the burlesque of "Black Eyed Susan" are announced for the 20th inst.

MAGGIE MITCHELL is said to have attracted large houses to the Howard Athenæum, Boston, last week, and is announced for the present. "Fanchon" and the "Pearl of Savoy" are to be given this week.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" is in the second week of its production at the Continental Theatre, Boston.

"LA BICHE AU BOIS; OR, THE WHITE FAWN," is announced for production at the Theatre Comique, Boston, on the 13th inst., with De Pol's ballet troupe among the attractions.

"HILDA," one of the successes of last season, is revived this week at the Boston Museum.

"NO THOROUGHFARE" is the title of a new play—founded on Dickens' story of the same name—copies of which may be procured of T. H. French. See advertisement.

GARLAND'S NEW YORK BURLESQUE TROUPE open at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 20th inst.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and company have the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., the first week in February.

J. B. BOOTH'S BOSTON THEATRE COMPANY, under E. M. Leslie's management, appeared at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 8th, 9th and 10th inst. "Rosedale," "The Ghost," "The Colleen Bawn," "A Quiet Family," and "The Streets of New York," were the plays presented—the latter to a packed house. Our correspondent says:—"The pieces were done in good style, and the cast of each embraced many of the favorites of the company—among them Charley Thorne, jr., Louis Aldrich, James Lewis, H. A. Weaver, W. M. Leman, S. H. Forsberg, W. N. Burroughs, H. S. Bascomb, J. Taylor, D. R. Allen, J. W. Thoman, Dan Maginnis, Mrs. Louisa Morse, Rachel Noah, Susie Cluer, Susan Flood and Mrs. L. M. Leslie. Mr. Aldrich as Danny Mann, in the 'Colleen Bawn,' made a fine impression, winning the plaudits of his auditors. No performance was given on the 11th. On the 13th the 'Rag Picker of Paris' is to be given, with Wyzeman Marshall in his character of Jean This company has met with great success at the New Opera House, Newport, R. I., where they have been playing. They intend to visit Newport often, or as long as the good biz continues. A good company is a new thing there.

Circuses.

JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS advertised to show in New Orleans, on Dec. 30th, failed to connect, owing to the severe storm.

MRS. ALICE WILSON, better known as Alice Lake, the adopted daughter of Wm. Lake, and lately attached to John Robinson's Circus, fell overboard from the steamer Laura, on its passage from Mobile to New Orleans on Dec. 28th, near Grant's Pass, and was drowned. Every effort possible to rescue the lady from a watery grave was made by the company, and officers of the boat, but all to no purpose. Mrs. Wilson had, just previous to the occurrence, lost overboard a valuable diamond pin, purchased in Mobile by her husband, and she was much affected in consequence. It is supposed that she was looking over the side of the vessel, and becoming dizzy, tumbled overboard. She was a very clever *equestrienne*, and was well known in and out of the profession. She had been married but a short time.

A LOT of ground has been leased in Sacramento, Cal., for the purpose of erecting an amphitheatre.

THE WHEREABOUTS OF FRANK W. PHILLIPS, who is supposed to have left Montreal, C. E., on or about October 19, 1867, with a circus company, is anxiously sought for by his parents. Any one in the circus business, or out of it, who can give the above information, will confer a great favor by sending it as instructed in H. S. Phillips' advertisement in another column.

JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE opened on Tivoli Circle, New Orleans, on December 31, to quite a crowded house. Our correspondent says: "The show came to us highly recommended as offering unsurpassed attractions, and has fully sustained that reputation. The features of the show are the little *equestrienne*, Miss Cordelia, who rides without a saddle, the negro boy Alfred, and last, though not least, their street parades. The animals are always ready to be stirred up for the amusement of the audience."

COOKE'S CIRCUS, under the management of James E. Cooke, late of Lent's New York Circus and formerly of Astley's Amphitheatre, London, was to have opened at the building corner of Tenth and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, on Monday evening, January 13. Mr. Cooke succeeds Mr. Joseph in management, the latter gentleman having proved unsuccessful. An entire new company has been engaged, and it includes the following names:—Carlotta de Berg, Charles Adams, Frank Whittaker, Messrs. Burrows, Bideaux, George Batchelor, George Derius, Charles Kerrigan, Sam Long, J. Campbell, Master Eddie, Sam Burt, Charles Whitney and James E. Cooke. The band is under the leadership of Mr. Fritz and contains 24 pieces. On Saturday evening last Mr. Cook gave a free exhibition of the interior of his establishment, and the public had an opportunity of viewing the fine stud of horses, and the mysteries of the stables and the dressing rooms. A very large number of persons availed themselves of the opportunity of witnessing this novel show. Philadelphia ought to support a good circus, and Manager Cooke promises to give it one.

CIRCUS MANAGERS who propose making a Western tour should not forget that they can be well supplied with "will literature" adapted to their wants at the job office of the Cincinnati, O., *Commercial*. Read Halstead & Co.'s card in our advertising columns.

TO RAIN OR NOT TO RAIN? that's the question. We go in for Touraine Bros., who are not only expert in coming down but in getting up, as they are known to be some as acrobats and gymnasts. Managers wishing to engage them for the forthcoming season should address Charles Touraine as per advertisement.

DAN CASTELLO'S CIRCUS AND VAN AMBURGH'S MENAGERIE commenced in Memphis on the 7th, for five days.

THE CIRCUS in Louisville, Ky., has fallen into the hands of Mr. Frank Howes, who is improving the performances and giving a good show. The attendance is improving.

NOT DEAD!—In our issue of Dec. 21st, we announced the death of Pagura Holloway as having occurred at Kingston, Jamaica, on Sept. 17. We received this information from a person representing himself as having just arrived from Kingston, and stated that he was a member of the company. We are pleased to state that the lady is not dead, but is at present in this city, having arrived here with her husband Robert Johnson on Dec. 29th, from Port au Prince.

A. C. BENSON, a gymnast and general performer, advertises in the CLIPPER for an engagement. Let him have it.

A NOVEL CHALLENGE, in which Henry Sparks offers to make a circus tent equal in size, and set, with "any other man" in the States for a wager of $1,000, appears among our theatrical advertisements. Who will fan Sparks into a flame?

Music Halls.

The METROPOLITAN HALL and Variety Theatre, Washington, D C., is flourishing finely, our correspondent informs us, novelties being produced in rapid succession. Billy Pastor closed his engagement, which was flatteringly successful, on the 4th inst. The Kincade family, father and two sons, put in an appearance on the 6th inst. The two sons appear on the trapeze, but do not as yet do the usual feats, being young and seemingly fearful of undertaking too much. On the stage they appear in classical groupings with the father, and show to much better advantage. Miss Victoria Howard, songstress, also appeared on the 6th, but did not seem to satisfy as well as Miss Nelly Edwards, who has been a member of the company for some time. Miss Edwards sings cleverly, and pleases all. The song of Constantinople she rendered nicely, and received much applause. Annie Gibbons, announced as the champion clog dancer, and Nellie Howard, as the champion jig dancer, both put in a first appearance on the 8th, but did not create much enthusiasm. Johnny Prendergast, a song and dance performer, and a late addition to the company, gave Bobby Newcomb's song and dance, the "Big Sun Flower," very nicely. Fayette Welch, end performer, and also a late addition, gave a whistling solo, which seemed to please amazingly; Mr. Welch was called out five times, and then the audience seemed loth to let him go. George L. Hall, Hannah Birch, Billy Rice, Minnie Clark, Maggie Wesner, and Marie Zoe still continue at this establishment. So great has been the success of the company, that the management a short time since raised the price of admission to fifteen cents, a refreshment ticket being included.

CADWELL'S NEW MUSIC HALL, at Milwaukee, Wis., is now open and doing, it is stated, a fair business. J. C. Wallace, Irish comedian, and Maggie Willett, are in the company.

O. W. BLAKE, having left the Eisler and Murray party, is now stage manager at the Varieties, Detroit, Mich.

A SHOWMAN IN TROUBLE.—Willis Cobb was som what astonished on the evening of Dec. 28th, while performing at the Varieties, Memphis, Tenn., by being informed, by a sergeant of the United States regulars stationed there, to consider himself under arrest. He was naturally startled at the request, and demanded to be furnished the charge. This the sergeant himself did not know, and Mr. Cobb accordingly refused to accompany him to the navy yard. Sergeant Brown, of the police, being notified of the occurence, visited Captain Pool, the commanding officer, and learned that Cobb was accused of having deserted from the army last summer. Promising to produce Cobb the next morning, no further action was taken that night. On Dec. 29th, Mr. Cobb was confronted with the soldier making the charge, who at once confessed that he had been mistaken in the man, and the prisoner was of course released. It seems that the mistake originated in the fact that a man of the same name deserted from the army last year; and the soldier, in his haste to overhaul a recusant, forgot to consider that "Willis Cobb" was simply a stage name. Although frequently encountering "astonishers" in his life, Cobb regards that presented him by the "boy in blue" a little the liveliest of his experience.

AT THE OLYMPIC, Mobile, Ala., says our correspondent, writing under date of Jan. 6th, "During the past week business has been good under the new management of Stone and Jackson; Charles Rivers, stage manager; and Ned Straight, musical director. A railing has been run across the hall for a parquet. The 'Black Statue,' the 'Two Twins' and a divertisement by the *ballet*, liberally interspersed with songs and dances, have kept the boards during the week. Master Bill, the dwarf, made his appearance last week and created quite an impression.

W. J. JACOBS left Mobile for New Orleans, Jan. 6th, to secure a company for a new music hall to be opened there on or about the 15th inst.

AT THE CANTERBURY, Omaha, the attractions engaged up to last advices consisted of W. McArthur, Morissey Little, Jim Hayes, Frank Steele, Geo. Edwards, Bell Thomas and Rosa La Forrest.

AT LAWRENCE'S GERMANIA, Harrisburg, Pa., the Gillmore Sisters were announced to put in an appearance on the 13th instant. An original burlesque entitled the "Mischievous Berkley," was produced on the 6th, with Berkley as Sam, beside Gardner, Hays, Miss Lagrange, and others, in various characters. Miss Lagrange made her *debut* on the 6th in a clog dance.

O. W. BLAKE, W. D. Lacy, and Fanny Archer, are among the attractions offered at the Varieties, Detroit, Mich. "Putnam" has been produced, with Lacy as Old Put.

AT LONG'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, the following people are now performing—Matt. Wheeler, Miss Belle Williams, Kitty Lee, Julia Price, Wm. Brown, W. H. Porter, C. Coriell, W. Lesher, Herr Muckle, and F. Hilton; and Probst (murderer of the Deering family), in wax.

THE SPECTACULAR BALLET of "ZOZO" continues its great success at Fox's American, Philadelphia, where large audiences nightly assemble to witness the artistic and physical beauties bound up in "Zozo." Messrs. Brown and Sanford, acrobats, make their first appearance at the American, this week.

JAMES MAGUIRE, vocalist; J. H. Myers and Miss S. A. Hall, "singists;" Master Moore and the Buffalo Boys, dancers and "nigs," are now playing at American Concert Hall, Albany, N. Y.

FITZ SIMMONS continues at the Baltimore, Md., Opera House, with his sensation pieces. This week, "The Belle of the City," is announced.

AT THE PALACE VARIETIES, Cincinnati, Frank Train made his first appearance on the 6th, as Michael Earl, the Maniac Lover. Miss Fielding, Bill Kendall and Johnny Fielding, put in an appearance on the 6th.

THE ALHAMBRA MUSIC HALL, Buffalo, N. Y., continues to float on the tide of prosperity. Oscar D. Kress, Piccolo soloist, appeared on the 9th, while Gus Clarke and Lizzie Phillips, the old favorites, continued there. Charley Spencer, who is styled the "wizard violinist," is the musical director.

THE "ARCADE CONCERT SALOON," Newark, N. J., had several additions to the company last week, in Mlle De Vere, Charlie De Vere, Billy Clintock and George Heister.

THE CANTERBURY HALL, Omaha, is in full blast, and is said to be liberally patronized. It is under the management of Mr. McArthur. Frank Steel, Jim Hayes, Geo. Edwards, Miss Rosa La Forrest, and Miss Bell Thomas, are among the performers. The "Black Crook" is in preparation.

Negro Minstrelsy.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY IN OHIO.—Youngstown, a small town in Ohio, had an amateur minstrel band as early as 1844, consisting of B. H. Grierson, banjo; Isaac Barclay, first violin; Chauncey Crittenden, Jr., tambourine; Nathan Holland, castanetts; Godfrey Kigg, jaw-bone (this instrument, horse's lower jaw, is now obsolete amongst minstrels, but it was the "tremolo" in that band); Sheldon Medbury, cornet; Henry Holcomb, triangle; Charles Thorn, flute; A. J. Gardner, banjo; George H. King, second violin. The latter gentleman did not dance cork, but the rest did on public occasions generally. Grierson and Holland did the dancing. The organization held together for about two years, but never traveled and consequently had only a local position. Crittenden and Holland are dead. Grierson is now a Colonel of Cavalry and Brevet Major-General, and it was to him, it is stated, that Generals Grant and Sherman were indebted for his demonstrating the hollowness of the Confederacy, in his raid from Memphis to Baton Rouge. He was the lever that started Sherman's great "March to the Sea."

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS perform in Rochester, N. Y., on the 13th and 14th inst.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS opened in Milwaukee, Wis., on the 9th inst. for three nights.

HARRY ROBINSON and E. N. Goss are added to the company at the Philadelphia Opera House, opening on the 13th. A burlesque called the "Black Book" is announced for the 20th. Frank Girard takes a benefit at this house on the 17th.

JUST FROM CALIFORNIA.—A. J. Talbott and Jake Wallace, Ethiopian comedians of repute, who have been performing in San Francisco, Cal., for four years, have made a trip this way, and are sojourning in Baltimore. As they are on the look out for engagements, managers of minstrel companies should be on the look out for them. For address see advertisement.

BANJO INSTRUCTION and information in clog and jig dancing may be obtained by addressing J. K. Buckley, himself a banjoist and pupil of Frank Converse, by addressing him as per advertisement.

A FLUTE AND PICCOLO Player is wanted for Wilson's minstrels, at St. Louis, Mo. For additional particulars see advertisement.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS opened in Milwaukee, Wis., on Jan. 8th for three nights.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS opened in Troy, N. Y., on January 6. Says our correspondent "Mose":—"The programme was a most satisfactory one. Billy West and Low Benedict are on the ends, with Gonsalvo Bishop as interlocutor. West and Benedict are excellent end men, and fully understand their biz. While they give all the fun and fresh jokes that the most facetious could desire, they are thoroughly refined, and nothing is said to offend the most fastidious. The instrumental music was tip-top, while the quartet was a most excellent one. Nothing could surpass the sweetness with which Warren Richards sang 'Norah Lee.' The clog dancing of Parkhurst and Collins was well worth witnessing. The double song and dance of 'The Yaller Gal that Winked at Me,' by Parkhurst and Collins, was well received. Frank Kent, in his female impersonations, brought down the house."

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS appear in Buffalo on the 15th and 16th inst. B. H. Armstrong and W. Foote are the agents, Foote having taken Slocum's place on the 9th inst.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS, in Cincinnati, Ohio, received a large reinforcement last week, most prominent among whom were W. W. Newcomb, who appears nightly; Johnny Queen, Master Willie, Johnny Campbell, and E. N. Rosenthal. Billy Morris having bought an interest in this concern, will shortly appear.

BUCKLEYS' MINSTRELS were in Albany, N. Y., on the 6th inst., and performed to a fair house.

"PATSY," as burlesqued by Leon, is in active preparation at Hooley's Minstrel Hall, Brooklyn, for production on the 20th inst. "Under the Lamplight," which has brought large returns for Manager Hooley, will be played for the last time for the present on the 18th inst. Leavitt and Eagan's laughable sketch of "Arrival of Dickens," so favorably received at Tony Pastor's Opera House, has been equally successful over in Brooklyn, and is on the bills for the present week.

SHARPLEY AND COTTON'S MINSTRELS open shortly at the Theatre Comique, Boston.

Miscellaneous.

NEW SCENERY, panoramas, ornamental show bills, etc., may be procured of J. F. Libby, scenic artist, of Lowell, Mass. For how to address, see his advertisements elsewhere.

MARTINI CHIRENI, with "Ole Bull" Myers, performed at Burlington, N. J., on the 7th and 8th inst.

"SOMEBODY'S STOCKING," as knitted by Olive Logan, is by no means worsted in the literary market; on the contrary, it is in demand. It wears well, and has not yet to be darned. We advert to advertisement for how to get it.

MARK TWAIN lectured at Metzerott Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 9th inst., taking for his subject the "Frozen Truth."

MISS JENNY DUSK, prima donna, announces two grand vocal and instrumental concerts to occur at Metzerott Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 14th and 16th inst. The basso, Joseph Hermanns, and the Polish violinist, Mr. J. B. Poznanski, are named to assist.

THE PEAK FAMILY OF BELL RINGERS were at Terre Haute, Ind., on the 10th and 11th inst., and were to go thence to Paris, Ill., on the 13th, and Malton and St. Louis.

CARRIE AUGUSTA MOORE, "Skatorial Queen," as she is called, appeared in Trenton, N. J., on the 6th and 7th inst., at the Skating Park. This week she commences a two weeks' stay in Philadelphia.

THE VICKSBURG THEATRE can be secured for lectures, concerts, the drama, minstrels, etc. Mr. J. Huntley, the agent of the establishment, has a card in another column, to which we refer managers and others intending to "go through" the South.

A GYMNASIUM, with everything complete, is offered for sale. Particulars will be found in advertisement elsewhere.

THE CRESCENT CITY MUSEUM AND MENAGERIE, at Nos. 40 and 42 St. Charles street, New Orleans, conducted by Clark Ames, has become one of the favorite resorts of that metropolis. It contains some ten thousand curiosities, which are receiving daily additions. Prominent among these are the little Scottish Queen, nineteen years old, and only twenty-three inches high, and Miss Anna Leak, the no-armed lady.

THE MANIAC, said to be an attractive painting adapted to museums, etc., is advertised for sale cheap in another column.

A PANORAMA of the streets of New York and Central Park is advertised for sale by J. P., in another column.

ANDERSON, the illusionist, opened in Cleveland, Ohio, for six nights, on December 6.

GEO. ALFRED TOWNSEND gave a lecture at Masonic Temple, Louisville, Ky., on the 7th. Subject:—"From Cape Race to Alaska." It was given under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association.

SIGNOR BLITZ, who has been a feature in the amusements of Philadelphia from the time whereto our memory runs not back, announces his last and farewell week at the Assembly Buildings, in that city, closing there on the 18th inst. What will the little ones of that great village do for amusement when Blitz is gone? Come back, Blitz.

FIRST CLASS ENTERTAINMENTS, including the drama and opera, can be accommodated at Shanahan's Opera House, Newport, R. I. The hall is said to be first-class, and has all the necessary appointments. Parties wishing to secure it should address J. Rudolph as per advertisement.

LEW HALLETT AND CHARLEY GLEASON joined the Carter Zouave Troupe at Utica, N. Y., on the 11th inst.

LOGRENIA, magician, with his troupe of trained birds, learned white mice and performing cats, opened at Rand's Hall, Troy, N. Y., on the 8th, for five nights. Harry M. Tindale is the agent.

DODGE AND BLOOM are building a new hall at Council Bluffs.

M'LLE ANNETTA GALLETTI, the popular and attractive *danseuse*, who has succeeded in pleasing the people of New York, Philadelphia and other cities, by her graceful Terpsichorean evolutions, and G. Cardella, *ballet* master, advertise in the CLIPPER for engagements.

MRS. LINCOLN'S WARDROBE was announced for exhibition at Remington's Hall, Providence, R. I., on the 7th, but said exhibition did not take place on account of the following resolution passed by the Common Council on the 6th:—"The subject of granting a license to W. H. Brady to exhibit portions of the wardrobe and personal effects of Mrs. Lincoln, at Remington's Hall, Alderman Curry said it was a public disgrace to have such an exhibition; whereupon it was resolved that the board would not grant any license for the exhibition of the wardrobe of Mrs. Lincoln in Providence."

ROBERT NICKLE will open a gift shown in Brooklyn next week.

WHO WANTS TO INVEST IN BANJOS?—Those who do should go one eye on Dobson's advertisement elsewhere.

A STAGE CARPENTER advertises for a position as such in this week's CLIPPER.

H. K. CLIFFORD, snare drummer, etc., advertises in the CLIPPER for an engagement, to which we refer for address, etc.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—Once more the Christmas season having come round, holiday pieces occupy the principal places of amusement in London. The thick, heavy, and foggy atmosphere on Boxing Day seemed to have no effect on the spirits of the holiday folks. Every year Boxing Day becomes more and more of a general holiday. Early in the day train after train left London Bridge for the Crystal Palace, to witness the pantomime. For hours before the theatres were opened, crowds of anxious visitors congregated around the doors. The "gods" have ceased to assert, with such pertinacity as formerly, their assumed right to prevent a word of the first piece being heard, and there was nothing to indicate that it was Boxing Night. The pantomimes this season are generally considered above the average merit. Each manager determines to produce, as he supposes, the best pantomime. Great exertions have also been made to produce some marvellous effects, and not without considerable success. Undoubtedly Drury Lane Theatre has the greatest charm. The pantomime is entitled "Faw, Fee, Fo, Fum; or, Harlequin Jack the Giant Killer," and is one of those skilful weavings of fairy lore and delicate intertwinings of nursery legend for which Mr. Blanchard is celebrated, and is cast as follows—Clowns, Messrs. H. Boleno, C. Lauri, and Tom Dot; Pantaloons, Messrs. Barnes, J. Morris, and J. Bussell; Harlequins, J. Cormack, S. Saville, and Alger; and Columbines, Madiles. Marian, Fanny Lauri, and E. Valckeneare; Sprites, Messrs. Sidney and Johns.....Covent Garden Theatre re-opened on Boxing Night with the farce of "The Goose with the Golden Eggs," and the pantomime of "The Babes in the Wood; or, Harlequin Robin Hood and his Merry Men." It was well received, for it is said that no pantomime was ever produced on the London stage with greater splendor. F. Payne is Harlequin, Madlle. Ezra the Columbine, Paul Herring Pantaloon, and Harry Payne Clown.....At the Haymarket, "An Utter Per-version of the Brigand; or, New Lines to an Old Ban-ditt," a burlesque on "The Brigand," was produced on Christmas Eve. It possesses some good and clever puns, some meritorious writing, and has some of Offenbach's sprightliest music. Many airs from the "Grand Duchesse" are given. "Our American Cousin" was produced on Boxing Night, with E. A. Sothern in his great *role*.....The "Colleen Bawn" was given at the Princess' Theatre on Boxing Night, with Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault in the principal *roles*, and Dominick Murray as Danny Mann.....The Adelphi has brought out "No Thoroughfare," by Wilkie Collins and Charles Dickens. Messrs. Webster, Fechter, Neville, Bellmore, and Billington, Miss Leclercq, Mrs. Alfred Merton and Mrs. Billington are in the cast.....The opening piece on Boxing Night at the Olympic, was "From Grave to Gay," with Mrs. Stirling and Charles Mathews in the leading *roles*. This was followed by "Petticoat Government; or, Woman's Suffrage," by Mark Lemon.....John S. Clarke terminated his engagement at the St. James' Theatre on Dec. 31st....."How She Loves Him," Boucicault's last five act comedy, was produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre on Dec. 28th, and on its first production was decidedly as great a failure as it was successful on its first presentation in Liverpool.....'Cock Robin and Jenny Wren; or, Fortunatus, the Three Bears, the Three Wishes, and the Little Man who Woo'd the Little Maid," was presented at the Lyceum Theatre by Manager E. T. Smith for his Christmas offering. The company engaged in this pantomime is said to be one of the most perfect ever brought together in London. The harlequinade engages the talents of three clowns (Mr. E. Lauri, Messrs. A. F. and J. Forrest); Mr. W. Waite Harlequin and Harlequin *a la Watteau*, Miss Esther Austin; two Columbines, Misses Page and L. Grosvenor; two Pantaloons, Messrs. F. Beckenham and F. Lovell; and five Sprites, the Brothers Dusoni. .....The attraction at the Queen's Theatre consists of "Katherine and Petruchio."....."Valentine and Orson; or, Harlequin, the Big Bear, and the Little Fairy," was produced at the New Holborn by Sefton Parry. It consists of a rehash of the extravaganza of "Valentine and Orson" by Tom Taylor, produced at the Lyceum in 1844. The Columbine is Miss E. Ellis; Harlequin, Mr. C. Green; Pantaloon, Mr. Lupini; and clown, Mr. Rowella.....Burnand's new comedy of "Humbug," and the same author's burlesque of "Black Eyed Susan," are the attractions at the New Royalty.....The "Caliph of Bagdad," a cleverly written burlesque by Wm. Brough, was produced on Boxing Night at the Strand.....The pantomime at Sadler's Wells is called "Little Red Riding Hood; or, Harlequin Prince Hopeful, Baa, Baa, Black Sheep and the Cruel Wolf," written by G. F. Cheetham. The dances were all executed by the *corps de ballet* with excellent precision and taste, especially that in the Hall by the Sea, which was performed on a stage rendered rather dangerous to dance on through its having been carefully strewn with orange peel by the "gods."....."Little Bo Peep" was the p

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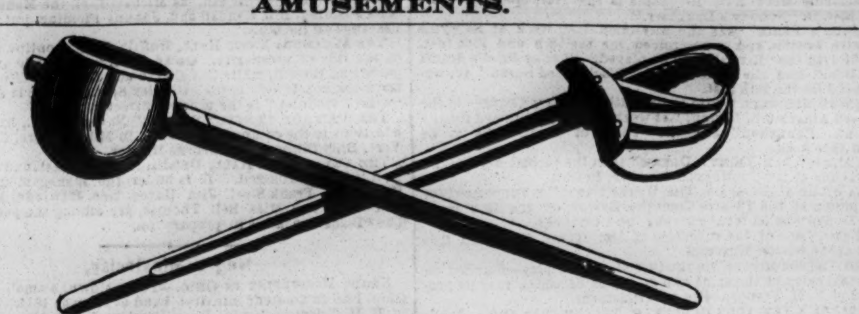

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